

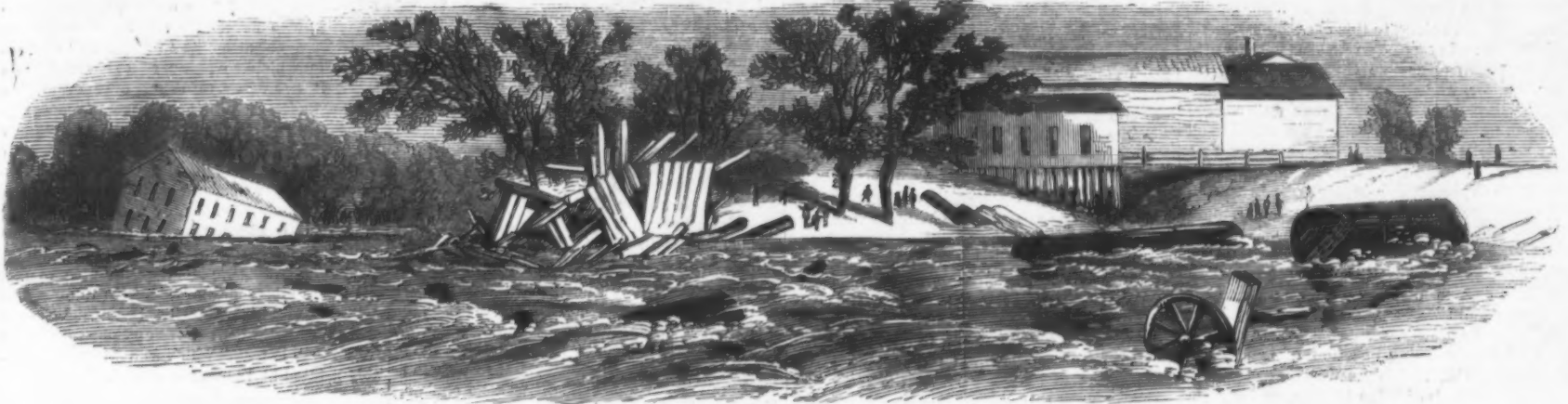
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1860, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

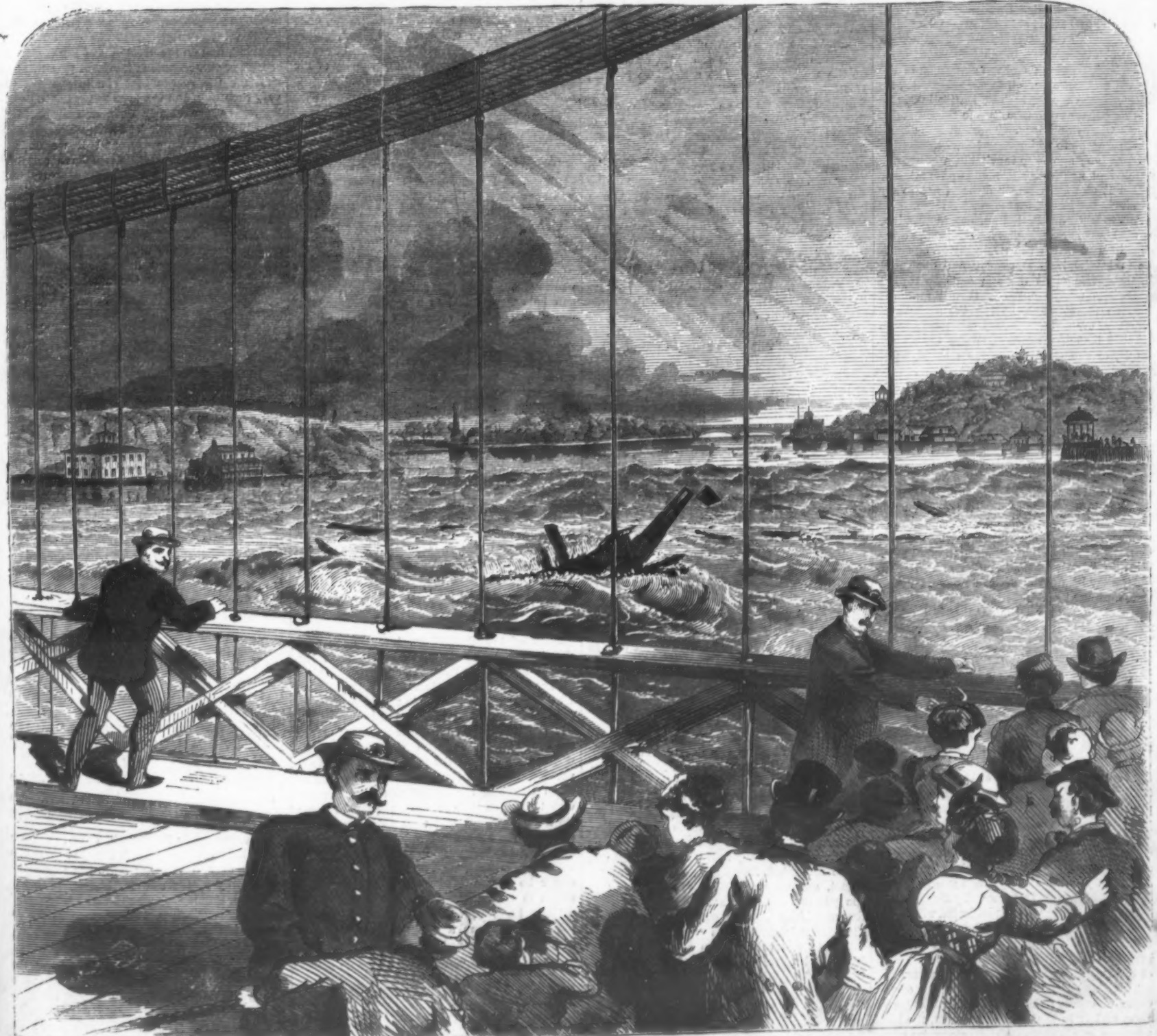
No. 734—Vol. XXIX.]

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 23, 1869.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. 13 WEEKS, \$1 00.
\$4 00 YEARLY.]



VIEW AT BUNGE'S MILL, SOUTH MANCHESTER, CONN. THE DAY AFTER THE FLOOD OF OCTOBER 4TH, 1869.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. C. CURTIS.—SEE PAGE 95.



THE EQUINOCTIAL FLOOD.—VIEW OF THE SCHUYLKILL RIVER AT PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 4TH, 1869.—FROM A SKETCH BY FRED. B. SCHELL.—SEE PAGE 95.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 23, 1869.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are impostors.

Danger of Deferring Recognition of Cuban Independence.

THERE is a clear and deepening conviction in the public mind that the Government is drifting into a serious complication regarding Cuba. That its policy, from the start, has been weak and vacillating has been patent to the most superficial observer. Perhaps we may better say it has had no policy at all. Of General Grant's feelings and sentiments in the matter there has been no doubt; but he has been thwarted or paralyzed by the timidity and conservatism (fogism is the better word) of his Secretary of State. This gentleman does not belong to this age; by tradition, education and association he is as much a man of the past as the late Governor Bouck, his predecessor, we believe, in the Executive chair of this State. An upright man and a good citizen, unimpeachable and unsuspected in all his relations in life, probably there lives no man better fitted to be president of a Savings-Bank for Orphan's, or a Mutual Life Insurance Company for Widows of Clergymen. With more energy and decision, he might be selected to succeed Mr. Bergh in the Presidency of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in case—which heaven avert—that gentleman should be, from any cause, unable to discharge its duties. But he is wholly unfit to deal with a living question of magnitude like that of Cuba. We presume he has a mild sort of sympathy with the Cubans, and experiences a sensation of horror when he reads accounts of the atrocities perpetrated on them by the Spaniards—that is to say, if he permits himself to be agitated by their perusal. But to the great fact that events have reached such a pass in Cuba that there can be but one rational solution, namely, the independence of the island, to which end the statesmen of the United States are bound, by neighborhood, interest, regard for republican institutions, and every sentiment of humanity—to this Mr. Fish seems wholly oblivious. There is not a Cabinet in Europe to which American intervention did not long ago seem inevitable, and not one which had not long ago made up its mind to accept it gracefully. Our strange, not to say criminal, delay is all that surprises them.

See to what our hesitation, procrastination, or weakness is carrying us! Look at the complications to which the sympathy of our people is leading! If it cannot find open and manly development through the constituted authorities of the country, it will manifest itself in secret ways, having the aspects of illegality even though not immoral. We are told that if we recognize the Cuban republic, or the Cuban insurgents as belligerents, we will afford Great Britain the opportunity of making the *tu quoque* reply to our Alabama claims, just as though there is or could be the slightest parallelism between the conduct of Great Britain and ours. So we have hesitated and faltered, when we should have acted, and now we have had, or nearly had, and are still likely to have, an Alabama affair on our hands, with Spain as complainant. Or what is worse, find ourselves called upon to defend our sympathizing countrymen from seizure and execution as pirates, by the war-vessels of nations that extended aid and sympathy to the Alabamas, Sumters and Floridas when they lit up the ocean with our burning merchantmen!

We can tell General Grant that if the Hornet had got to sea, been captured by English, French, or Spanish cruisers, and the three hundred Americans aboard her been treated by the captors as we are told they would have been, no Administration could resist the instant demand for war against any nation under whose flag the deed had been committed.

Immediate peril from that particular vessel may be past, but if so, we have escaped certain collision with France, Great Britain or Spain only by an outrage on the rights of a struggling nationality, by an extra-judicial proceeding, and unwarrantable innovation on precedent. But if the Hornet does not go to sea, some other vessel surely will—for, as already said, with a people unanimous as our people are in favor of Cuban independence, no vigilance can prevent some positive manifestation of sympathy, even in technically illegal forms—then the danger we have indicated will be renewed, and we will find ourselves in difficulties a thousand times greater than could have followed on recognition of Cuban independence, or even on direct intervention in its favor.

There are certain things that follow on the order of events: that come in the fullness of time, and it is the part of wisdom, the high province of statesmanship, to recognize when

the period has come for their realization, and to make that realization as easy, and with least shock to the interests of the world and the sentiment of humanity, as possible. Neither too early nor too late.

In the case of Cuba we are certainly not too early; we may be too late. Apart from all dangers and complications that our wavering policy may bring on ourselves, we may be doing the bad work of entailing on Cuba another and more fearful revolution than now convulses the island, and devolving on our children the duties we are called on, and expected to perform.

How it Works—More of the Wall Street Panic.

THERE is, no doubt, a very large number of otherwise well-informed persons who regard the late convulsion in the Gold Market as a simple contest between two sets of speculators, and as having no bearing on the general interests of the country. If it were indeed the case that the recent fight between the bulls and the bears was only like an Irish faction scrimmage, where a few broken heads and bloody noses on each side was all the harm done, the duty of our journalists would be ended with a stern rebuke of the lawlessness and disregard of public convenience exhibited by such riotous conduct. But while it is a serious error to suppose that the whirling wheels of the Gold Exchange do not interlock with, and, to some extent, control the general machinery of the commerce of the country, it is a great puzzle, to those who are outside the intricate workings of Wall street, to understand clearly and exactly how a catastrophe there can affect general interests. It may, therefore, be of some service if we attempt to unravel some of the ordinary mercantile transactions of the day, and, tracing the threads from end to end, show how these may easily be broken or entangled by such disasters as lately befell the Gold Exchange.

Starting, then, with the well-known fact that the internal trade of this country is conducted on a currency basis, it must be borne in mind that all articles imported or exported must be calculated on a gold basis—that is, in order to ascertain the value abroad of our cotton, wheat, tobacco, or other articles of export, or the cost of the thousand and one articles we import, merchants must calculate the value of gold in our currency, and the conversion of one into the other; and the proper time and mode of doing this, so that no loss on ordinary business operations shall ensue, is a problem of no small difficulty, yet it is one that calls for a solution every day. To place this more clearly before our readers, we will take one example, and trace through its several stages the simple transaction of shipping abroad a cargo of wheat.

We may suppose the price fixed between the buyer and the seller at \$1.50, in currency, per sixty pounds. Having arranged for shipping the wheat, the merchant then goes to some buyer of foreign exchange to sell his draft on his correspondent—say in London—against the wheat, and this draft being in sterling, the rate fixed is always at so many dollars and cents per pound sterling in gold. The merchant then, knowing that when his wheat is shipped he will receive a gold check from his banker in return for his bill of exchange, proceeds to sell the gold he is about to receive, and as a general rule we may assume that the operation of buying the wheat, shipping it, and drawing against it will occupy three to four days. His gold is sold, therefore, deliverable in three days. But according to the custom of the Gold Room, prior to the disastrous Friday, the 24th of September, the gold was sold deliverable the following day, and the sum required was borrowed by the broker from day to day till the actual delivery of the gold sold was made after the wheat shipment was completed. It is evident, therefore, that the fluctuations of the value of gold could not affect the merchant. His only object was to fix the value of his gold so that he might calculate what his wheat, purchased in currency, would cost in the gold standard of the country to which he shipped it. So far the transaction has been perfectly legitimate, and the merchant only resorted, through his broker, to the Gold Room, because there alone he could sell the gold necessary to carry on his business. Now, let us suppose that such a transaction as we describe had been begun on the Tuesday or Wednesday preceding that Friday, and that the gold had been sold deliverable on the following Saturday, and that the merchant was relying on the currency into which the gold was to be converted, for paying the seller of the wheat, and we may suppose, moreover, that the gold had been sold at 140. During Thursday and Friday, while gold advanced under the manipulations of the "Ring" to 160, the merchant was called upon almost hourly by his gold broker to pay cash margins to the buyer of the gold, under the pretense of securing the buyer against loss. A simple calculation will show what an enormous sum in cash merchants following their legitimate business were thus called on to pay. If they refused to

pay, in the belief that the bubble was about to burst, they were liable to have their gold sold under the rules of the Gold Board, and they must pay their differences, and pocket the loss. After the turn came, and when after twenty per cent. margin had been paid to the buyer, gold fell to 130, and they were entitled to receive back not only the margins they had paid, but ten per cent. from the buyer to secure them the difference between 140 and 130, legal injunctions from the courts met them on all sides, restraining everybody from paying everybody else either in gold or currency.

What we have said of wheat applies just as well to cotton, and to every other article of export, and the principle once being explained, it is easy to see that its application to imports must have caused a suspension of commerce in that direction also; for it is apparent that, in the impossibility, for some days, of converting gold into currency, all business was necessarily suspended. Merchants who once had been between the hammer and the anvil took good care not to run the risk a second time of being crushed, and abstained from purchasing. In the absence of buyers, the prices of all export articles fell—even more in the West and South than here; and to-day the farmers of Minnesota mourn over the depreciated value of their crops, and their losses are the more severely felt because arising from causes they were unable to foresee, and the workings of which they even yet, probably, cannot understand.

In a former article we expressed strong opinions—which we are glad to see are shared by the whole press of the country—as to the immorality of the actions of the Gold "Ring."

The indignation of our readers toward the members of that infamous cabal will not be lessened by our having shown the mode by which their operations affected the whole industry of the country, and brought distress on thousands of innocent people. Our faith in a retributive Providence might well be shaken, if no punishment overtake the authors of so many calamities; and it is a coincidence not a little singular that, while this nefarious scheme was hatching in Wall street, the cable brought as an item of news that George Hudson, once called the "Railway King" in England, having been reduced to a state of penury and destitution, was now depending on the charity of his friends for the means of subsistence.

Our school-books tell us that Alexander the Great, or some other man, once wept because there were no more worlds for him to conquer. At the rate we are making discoveries, building railways, and establishing steam lines, there will soon be very little left for modern explorers. By the beginning of the next century, we shall have the world pretty well under control, and travel will become exceedingly prosaic. Twenty-five years ago, a journey around the globe was a serious undertaking, and exposed one to considerable risk and hardship. Now, it can be accomplished in a hundred days, and every inch of the distance can be done by steam. We know pretty nearly all we are likely to know of the Arctic regions, and as for Africa, we have a dozen books that tell us about the country, and the manners and customs—some of them very unpleasant—of the people who dwell there. The locomotive shrieks at the foot of the Pyramids and the Acropolis, and puffs near the ruins of Baalbec. A railway has been located through the valley of the Euphrates, and another is meditated from the Caspian Sea to the frontier of India. The only unknown land is in the Antarctic continent, and somebody will be sure to tell us about it within a decade. Humboldt was fortunate; had he been born a hundred years later, he could never have acquired world-wide fame as a traveler, and to-day he might almost weep with Alexander, because there were no "strange countries for to see."

SOME of the Bostonians, intent upon novelty in the lecture-field, have hit upon the plan of having two lecturers upon one evening to take opposite sides of an important question. Whether the talk is to be in the form of a discussion we are not informed, but the probabilities are that it will. All discussions are more or less tedious, as each of the disputants wishes to cover all the points made by his adversary, and have the last word. It would be much better if the managers of the Lyceum would let the two speakers prepare their stories beforehand, and then toss up a penny, or decide in some other way not repugnant to the New England prejudice against gambling, who should speak first. Then let the second orator be excluded from the hall until his turn comes to speak, when he could tell his story without knowing what had been said by his predecessor. Such a discussion would be full of interest to the audience, and attract more attention than the usual form of debate.

THERE will, doubtless, be a vigorous attempt this winter to change the tariff laws. Many of the manufacturers will make an onslaught upon the various portions of the laws that bear upon

their interests, and the rumor is that they are prepared to spend both time and money in the endeavor. The advocate of every manufacturing or consuming interest can demonstrate to his own satisfaction, if not to that of others, that the laws are unjust, and do not advance the country's prosperity. It might be well for Congress to appoint a committee to receive reports and memorials upon the tariff from whoever chooses to send them. These memorials could then be condensed, and from them a pamphlet or book could be made, full of valuable information about American commerce and manufactures. It is fearful to contemplate the task that the committee would have in compiling these reports, but there would be no difficulty in finding men enough to perform the labor for the ordinary pay of a Congressional clerk.

UNDER the modest title of "Papers from Over the Water," the American News Company has given us the notes, sketches, and observations of Mr. Sinclair Tousey, made by him during a late visit to Europe. They are such as might be expected from a close, common-sense traveler, who makes no effort at fine writing, and who never attempts to "get up" that enthusiasm which so many of our countrymen think it necessary to affect over everything they see abroad. The great mass of our people will like the "Papers," because they indulge in no exaggeration, but present clear and calm views of things, and have the unmistakable internal evidence of accuracy both of observation and statement. Mr. Tousey notices many little things in a slightly jocose way which your professional traveler would not deign to set down, but which go further to give correct notions of places and people than things more obvious and intrinsically important. Altogether there is both profit and pleasure to get from the "Papers," which as a book is admirably printed and tastefully bound.

THE recent accidents from the explosion of steam boilers in several parts of the country indicate that our laws concerning the tests to be applied to steam engines are not strict enough, or, if strict, are not properly enforced. In England, and on the continent of Europe, there are fewer occurrences of this kind than in America, for the reason that the inspections are very thorough, and the laws in regard to carrying steam are clearly defined, and enforced both in letter and spirit. Steamboat explosions are peculiarly American, and if we do not have a monopoly of them, we have certainly the lion's share. The law has pretty well broken up the practice on our Western rivers of hanging bricks or seating juvenile negroes on safety-valves, in order that boats may pass their rivals. It might be well for the law to deal severely in the matter of managing stationary engines, and hold their owners and managers to a strict accountability for accidents.

SOME unpleasant statements have lately been made regarding the condition of those parts of the great Paris cemetery which are set aside for the very poor. Numerous interments have been taking place for a long period, but there now seems to be as much vacant space as ever. "What becomes of the bodies?" is the question asked in more than one quarter. Take, in connection with these facts, the particulars of the recent experiments with the Chassepot rifle at the Lyons Camp. "A wretched horse was put up as a target, and fired at, and it was remarked that the ball inflicted a wound similar to that which it caused when employed against the dead bodies erected at Strasbourg for a similar purpose." It seems, then, that corpses can be turned to account as targets, as well as used for lighting the streets.

THE Secretary of the Southern Historical Society, Dr. Jones, of the University of Louisiana, recently prepared for that body a paper upon the losses of the rebel army, from battle, wounds, and disease, during the civil war of 1861-65. The following are the general results of his investigation:

Confederate forces actively engaged, 1861-5	600,000
Total deaths in C. S. A.	200,000
Losses of C. S. A. in prisoners, 1861-5, which may be considered as total losses, on account of the policy of non-exchange by the United States	200,000
Losses of C. S. A. by discharges, disability, and desertion	100,000

A GENTLEMAN in Pittsburgh, Penn., publishes the following offer: "I will donate twenty dollars for every passage of Scripture where the immortality of the soul is mentioned, to any church or Sunday-school the finder may elect." His address is, John A. Best, corner of Fifth avenue and Tunnel street, Pittsburgh.

MR. ROBERT CONINGSBY, the agent of the British workingmen, who lately traveled in this country, states, in a late number of the *Spectator*, that "England is only a free-trading country as far as it suits her convenience; she is a protectionist in dealings with America. In

1859 the amount of duty levied in English ports on tobacco from the United States was \$19,724,420, which sum exceeded, by more than half a million dollars, the whole of the duties on English manufactures collected during that year in the United States. . . . The American cotton-manufacturing industry sprang entirely out of the adoption of the protective policy. Five millions of spindles are now busy, where the only occupation for the hands would have been hard field-work if the free-trade system had been adhered to."

LOVE AND GRANDMOTHERS.

"THERE is a story current, Mabel, I understand, in regard to Hugh's property, to this effect—that he is not worth as much as we have all along supposed. Now, you are as good as engaged; but take my advice, dear, and refrain from committing yourself any further at present. It would be terrible, indeed, if we had been misinformed or misled about the amount. Why, it throws me into a fever to think about it!"

And Lady de Lacy leaned back in her chair, and fanned herself vigorously.

"What under the sun do you mean, grandma?" replied the little lady to whom this conversation was addressed. "Do you wish to convey the impression that Hugh Harrington would tell a fib about his fortune, in order to secure me? Go away with such stuff! I hope, grandma, if age is likely to make me so suspicious of people's motives as it seems to some folks I know of, that a merciful Providence will cut me off in the heyday of youth! Now, you listen!" and Mabel de Lacy, with eyes full of that wonderful light which love alone can give, lifted her little forefinger lovingly. "To begin with, Hugh Harrington is above all deception; and, to proceed, did I hear this day that he had lost every penny of his property, I would marry him just the same, and embroider, or teach music, or make wax flowers, or do something with the many accomplishments which, thank heaven, I possess, to help him on in life. I believe I should rather like it! Wouldn't it be fun to cook one's own dinners? Then one could have just what one wanted, with no stiff footman standing behind one's chair. I do believe I should like to try poverty for a little while! But, any way, rich or poor, sick or well—and I've a great mind to say alive or dead—I am Hugh Harrington's, body and soul, for ever and ever. And, Grandma de Lacy, I would not marry another man on the face of the earth to save my own life, or your life, or the lives of the whole nation! Now, I hope I have made you understand the exact state of my mind! If not, I fear the English language cannot be rendered intelligibly."

"Plebeian blood will tell," groaned this well-preserved piece of antiquity, still using her fan. "Your mother broke my heart marrying your father, a poor, obscure artist, who hadn't a penny in the world, and who, after one short year, died—I've always believed out of spite—so that your mother should grieve herself to death, and in this way make me miserable; and now you, born three months after your father's death—a poor little puny thing—and motherless in less than a week, whom I have brought up, and taken care of as tenderly as my own, dare to stand up and defy me in this style."

"Yes, grandma, I dare do the right always, and would not do what I know to be wrong and wicked for all the grandmothers this side of Jerusalem. Oh, grandma, don't preach to me any more about money. It has been the burden of your song ever since I can remember, and I am tired of it."

So saying, the impulsive girl turned quickly and left the room, to hide the tears she could not bear her relation to observe. Not a word of this conversation did Mabel repeat to her lover, who, charmed with the lady of his choice, lingered longer than usual that evening. She loved him too well to injure his feelings by any such allusion.

Lady de Lacy called into the drawing-room, gave him the tips of her fingers, hoped he was well, and was so chillingly courteous, that Hugh inquired, at her departure, what could have altered her manner toward him so essentially. Mabel, vexed beyond description at this palpable cut, changed her conversation abruptly—determined to fix upon some plan whereby she could be freed from such detestable espionage.

A day or two after, Hugh was astonished at receiving a note from Lady de Lacy, which read after this style:

"MY DEAR SIR—From a source which I am not at liberty to mention, but which I consider perfectly reliable, I have been informed that you are not in possession of the large amount of property you have represented to us as being yours. It will be necessary, if you are really in earnest in regard to marrying my granddaughter, to immediately prove to me, by deeds and documents the truth of which cannot be set aside, that we have been correctly informed by you in the first instance. Very truly,
"HARRIET DE LACY."

"Well, I swear!" said Hugh, rereading: "If that isn't the coolest thing on record! I'll settle her."

And without considering what might be the result of such a step, he answered in this style, which was, of course, a falsehood for the occasion:

"DEAR MADAME—My pecuniary losses have been very heavy this year, and my fortune is at present but a wreck. Still, I shall be abundantly able to maintain your granddaughter, if not as luxuriously as she has been accustomed to, at least comfortably. Very truly,
"HUGH HARRINGTON."

The old lady trembled with rage as she finished its perusal, and with a determination to arrange matters to her own satisfaction, set her wits to work to thwart the desires of the lovers. Mabel was at once called into her grandmother's private apartment, and Hugh's letter placed in her hands.

"Well, now, Mabel, what do you think of that?" said the old lady, her voice expressing the satisfaction she felt.

"I don't care," replied Mabel, shaking her curls defiantly. "I think I am glad of it. I shall now have a chance to do something in life. It will be capital fun."

"Will it?" said the old lady, now thoroughly incensed. "You shall never marry Hugh Harrington! Never—never—never! I will lock you in this room, and you shall not leave it until you give that rascal up."

"Then, I'm a prisoner for life. Better hang me at once, grandma," laughed Mabel.

"Your mother defied me, and died. It will be better for you to take a lesson from her experience."

"I shall defy you, and live," continued Mabel, in the same laughing tone.

But, as the old lady locked the door on the little captive, Mabel, who knew the implacable disposition of her maternal relative, found it was no laughing matter, and wondered how she could best put her enemy to flight.

Then a few days passed; and still no signs of release.

Her meals were regularly brought her by the old lady, who would not trust a servant to come near her. She tried on several occasions to make them hear as they passed her door; but Lady de Lacy was always close by, and there was no help to be obtained from this quarter.

Hugh called several times, and each time was informed that Mabel was engaged. His notes were returned unopened, and the poor fellow finally decided that Mabel had changed, or, perhaps, had never loved him. But this was so different from the conduct he had expected of his betrothed, that it is not to be wondered at if he found it difficult to be reconciled to the course events had taken.

On the fourth evening of Mabel's confinement grandma entered, and, carefully locking the door, inquired if Mabel was willing to renounce her lover?

"Never, grandma," said the brave, honest girl. "You have kept me here long enough, and my intention is not to submit to this but a very short time longer. If I cannot be released in any other manner, I will alarm the neighborhood."

The old lady was inexorable, and Mabel allowed her to leave again, wondering if the circumstances would warrant her in making a raid upon her, and thus escaping; but she could not bring her mind to resort to force with one so much her superior in age.

And the shades of night again drew around. Mabel waited until the house was still, then taking the strong linen sheets from the bed, tore them into strips and fastened them carefully, tying one end securely to the heavy oak bedstead. The room was a second story one. So, with a short prayer for help, and heaven's blessing, she softly opened the window, threw the rope she had manufactured to the ground, and then prepared to descend. A noise at the door hurried her still more, and grasping the linen, in a moment—her little hands entirely skinned by the descent—landed safely upon terra firma.

The house of Hugh Harrington was not far from her own residence, and for this she flew—flew on the wings of love, her curls streaming in the wind. As she was ascending the steps, her heart—brave little heart—now palpitating with modest and womanly reserve, as her strange appearance came home to her, almost stopped beating as she recognized her lover, just coming out of the hall door. Hugh looked at the weird little figure before he knew his darling.

"Oh, Hugh, don't you know me? Tell me you love me, quickly. Don't touch my hands, dear! They are bleeding! You see, I made a rope, and got out of the window. Did you think I didn't love you? Do take me somewhere!" and Hugh bore the fainting girl into his mother's presence.

In a few days a wedding was celebrated; and grandma, after a week or two of dignified silence, decided, as her new grandson was worth all he had professed to be, to become reconciled. And after this everything went merrily.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.

The Suez Maritime Canal—Union of the Waters of the Red and Mediterranean Seas.

On Sunday, August 15th, His Excellency A' Pasha struck the blow which united the waters of the Red Sea with the Mediterranean. There were present on this occasion the Consul of France, the Vice-Consul of Italy, and representatives of several other nations. The Viceroy was represented by Ali Pasha, the Minister of Public Works, and M. de Lesseps by M. Voisin-Bey, the general director of the work. A large number of engineers were present. The banks of the canal were lined with a picturesque crowd of natives and foreigners. The bank of earth had been prepared, so that the single blow given by Ali Pasha started the current, and allowed the waters of the two seas to mingle. The occasion was very interesting.

Funeral of Lady Palmerston, in Westminster Abbey, London.

The widow of Lord Palmerston was buried on Friday, September 17th, in her husband's grave, in the north transept of Westminster Abbey. A number of ladies and gentlemen were admitted by ticket to the transept, where the vault was opened close in front of Nolleken's monument of the three naval captains who fell fighting under Admiral Rodney. The space around the vault was somewhat raised, and was covered with matting, the grave being hung with black cloth; the coffin was covered with crimson velvet, relieved with gilt nails and handles; on the top, over the head, was the coronet of a viscountess. Over the feet was a device representing an extinguished torch, passed

through a ring formed of a serpent with its tail in its mouth, thus giving the emblem of death and immortality.

The Imperial Visit to Corsica.

During the late visit of the Empress Eugenie and the Prince Imperial of France to the Island of Corsica, the distinguished party made a brief stay at Ajaccio. The Empress was quite fatigued, and was unable to accompany the Prince Imperial on a visit to the grotto where, it is said, the elder Napoleon, when a child, used to go to meditate. The grotto is a famous resort for the people of Ajaccio, and the legend of Napoleon's visit is familiar to every inhabitant. The prince was escorted by a large number of citizens, and as he stood beneath the overhanging rock, his presence was greeted with prolonged cheers.

Cormorants' Nests on Magdalena Island, Strait of Magellan.

A late British surveying expedition along the coasts of South America, in passing through the Strait of Magellan, discovered that the Island of Magdalena had been taken possession of by cormorants, which flocked about the cliffs by the thousand. On a careful examination, it was found that the mounds on which the birds had been sitting were the nests, built of earth and guano, and placed in rows with the most remarkable regularity. The nests contained two or three eggs each. The sea about the island was full of sea-lions and fur-seals, and, in addition to the cormorants, there were a large number of penguins on the island.

The Great Gale on the French Coast.

The gale of September 12th on the French coast was very severe. At the Frascati shore, near Havre, the storm was unusually violent. The streets and public places were filled with all kinds of debris—bricks, tiles, pieces of chimneys, and a great number of trees were torn up, broken and scattered; and it is said there was never in the vicinity of Havre so severe a storm. After the gale was over, the shore was covered with wrecks of fishing-vessels. It is reported that several vessels were seriously injured by drifting from their moorings, though none were driven on shore.

The Island of Shadwan, Gulf of Suez.

The Island of Shadwan, the scene of the recent wreck of the mail steamship *Carnatic*, one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's vessels, is situated in the Strait of Jubal, at the entrance to the Gulf of Suez, and is the landmark for all vessels going up or down the Red Sea. It is but a couple of miles in length, and is one of the most desolate and barren localities imaginable. People wrecked there find no shelter; the sun is intensely hot, and in consequence of the absence of vegetation no animal could live upon it.

International Exposition at Amsterdam, Holland.

We present this week a view of the exterior of the palace where the International Exposition at Amsterdam was held. The building is a magnificent edifice, and when viewed from any point outside, presents a pleasing appearance. Near the entrance is the grand stand for the orchestra, and at the hours when the music is heard the square is filled with a gay crowd. The exposition was very largely attended, not only by the natives of the country, but by people from all parts of Northern Europe. The display of Belgian and Hollandian manufactures was especially fine, and attracted great attention.

The Volunteer Fetes in Belgium.

The citizens of Liege, and other towns of Belgium, recently gave a series of brilliant entertainments to the volunteer riflemen and marksmen of different nations. The detachment of English volunteers were received at Ostend with great cordiality. The festivities at Liege were presided over by the burgomaster, M. Andrimont, and all the visitors, English, French, Dutch, German, or Swiss, had equal cause to be gratified with their hospitable treatment in Belgium.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

CLARKE, the comedian, is coming back to us.

SARDON's drama, "Patrie," has had thirty representations at Brussels and two hundred at Paris.

MARIE TAGLIONI, once the most famous ballet-dancer in the world, has consumption.

THE NEW YORK Circus troupe have just taken up their old quarters in Fourteenth street.

HEALTH permitting, Charlotte Cushman will make another tour as Meg Merrilies.

SCHILLER's poem, "The Song of the Bell," is made the subject of a new ballet in Paris.

VERDI is to be the editor of a new Italian musical journal, the *Melody*, to be published at Padua.

BRIGNOLI begins an opera season in San Francisco early in November. Miss Antonia Henne is his prima donna.

"LINDA OF CHAMOUNI" is the theme of the last English burlesque, which is also to some extent a parody of "Formosa."

THE Prince de la Moskwa has composed a new operette, which is said to be a very fine production.

"THE GREENWICH PENSIONER," a new comedy by C. S. Chelham, has been produced at the Adelphi, London.

PEDROTTI's opera bouffe, "Tutti in Maschera," is translated, and in preparation at the Athenae, Paris.

JOHN BROGHAM's poetical drama of "The Lily of France" has become the property of Miss Charlotte Thompson, by whom it will be produced.

"AN OLD SCORE" is the title of a three-act "comedy drama" by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, which is having good success at the London Gayety.

ALBONI says that she will retire permanently from the stage as soon as she has completed her present engagements. Adelaide Phillips will then be without a rival as a contralto.

HENRY PLACIDE, the veteran actor, now lives in retirement at Babylon, La L., aged seventy. He has been on the stage from his ninth year, and is the son of a French pantomimist.

WILLIE SEYMOUR, the lad of fourteen, whose performances at Booth's this season have attracted so much favorable comment, is the son of an esteemed actress belonging to the company.

MRS. D. M. WALLER, wife of the stage-manager at Booth's Theatre, has been highly successful in a recent engagement at Pittsburgh, Pa., where she has been playing a round of her famous characters.

THE dramatic troupe engaged for Cairo, Egypt, includes artists for drama, vaudeville, comedy, French and Italian opera, and ballet. It is the largest and best appointed troupe in all Europe, Paris alone excepted.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

MR. GEORGE PRABODY intends to pass the winter in the south of France.

COUNT COUCHER DE CAREIL, wife and son, from Paris, are making a tour through Virginia.

LONGFELLOW is more popular than Tennyson in Germany.

THE Empress of the French left Paris on the 30th ult., on her Eastern tour.

A NIECE of Mad Anthony Wayne is a hotel-keeper in Covington, Ky.

MRS. O'DONOVAN ROSSA is traveling through Canada.

PRINCE ARTHUR pleased the girls of "the Dominion" by his readiness to dance with them.

GENERAL ROLIN, Adjutant-General of the Imperial Palace, died recently at the Tuileries in Paris.

EX-SECRETARY STANTON and family are at Wolfborough, Vermont. Mr. Stanton "is but a shadow of his former self."

FATHER SMET, the Missouri river Indian missionary, has spent 32 of his 50 years among the redskins.

HON. ISAAC JENKINSON, of the Fort Wayne (Ind.) Gazette, has accepted the appointment of United States Consul at Glasgow, Scotland.

FATHER KLINE, who died in Henry, Illinois, last week, at the age of eighty-three, served in the famous Spanish campaign under Joseph Bonaparte.

THE Mikado has gone back to Kyoto, rather than stay at Yeddo and receive the Duke of Edinburgh.

GIDEON M. DAVISON, an old and leading citizen of Saratoga, who started the first newspaper there in 1818, died on Thursday.

At the recent funeral of General Escalante, in Madrid, the emblems of Masonry were publicly exhibited in Spain for the first time.

SENATOR POMEROY has been elected President of the Woman's Suffrage Association of Washington, D.C. All the rest of the officers are ladies.

THE geographer Mercator, the designer of "Mercator's Chart," in the atlases, is to have a monument at Duisburg, in Rhinish Prussia.

MRS. SARAH PHIPPS, of Philadelphia, bequeathed about \$12,000, mostly in small sums, to various charitable associations in that city.

CAPTAIN HALL, the Arctic explorer, is a Cincinnati, and until he made his first voyage to the Polar regions, had never been at sea.

HENRY SMITH, a newsboy on the Kentucky Central Railroad, has just had a fortune of \$135,000 left him in Germany.

DAVID EATON, of Giles county, Va., claims to be the oldest Mason in the world. He became a Knight Templar about seventy-eight years ago.

ONE Professor Taber has constructed a machine which answers questions with wonderful distinctness.

THE Free Masons of Haverhill, Mass., intend to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Moses Wingate, Esq., should he live until the 25th of October.

THE matrimonial engagement in Europe of Mr. George Bullock, son of the ex-Governor, with Miss Stevens, daughter of the Hoboken millionaire, is announced.

SIR CHARLES YOUNG, whose high mission it was, as Knight of the Garter, to bestow its insignia on those upon whom the order had been conferred, is dead.

SOPHIE GOZDZIETSKI, a daughter of the regiment of the First Empire, who participated in the Peninsular and Russian campaigns, and formed, together with her husband, part of the Polish Legion, recently died at Posen, in her ninety-ninth year.

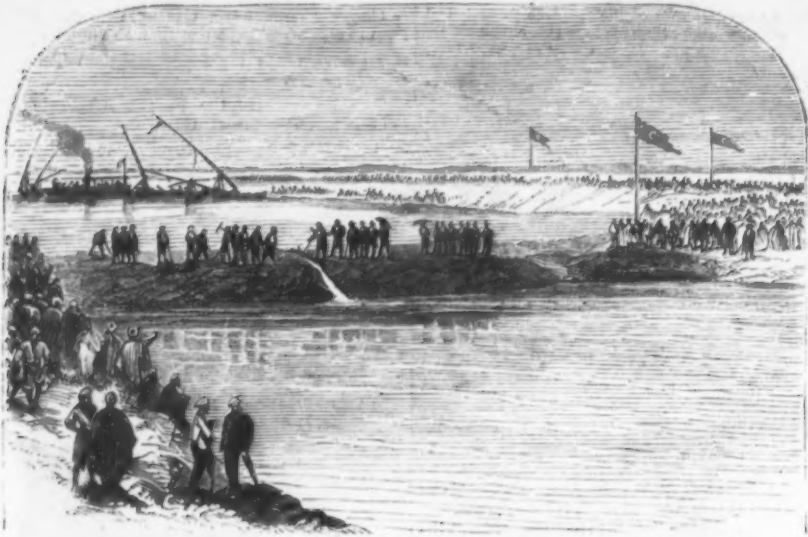
THE Bachelors' Club of Topeka, Kansas, lately offered a reward of ten dollars for the prettiest unmarried girl over fifteen years of age, and the editors of Topeka were appointed the judges. After a careful scrutiny they decided that Miss Florence Morris was entitled to the first premium.

TAKING THEM INTO SLAVERY.—The return of William and Ellen Crafts to this country, once fugitive slaves, calls to mind the action of old Colonel Isaac O. Barnes, a famous Boston wit, in their behalf some score of years ago. Colonel Barnes was the United States Marshal at that time, and being a member of the dominant party, fully believed in the execution of the laws—by somebody else. "Laws of the best Government under the sun," the colonel used to say, in his peculiar falsetto. "Was right they should be executed, and I meant to do it. So I sent word up to the Crafts that I was coming to take them into slavery—was my duty, and I meant to do it; should be there that afternoon—be there at half-past three; hoped they wouldn't make any fuss about it. Half-past three I called my men, and went up there to take them back into slavery—officer of the law, and bound to execute it—and I hope I may be blessed if the d-d niggers hadn't gone!"

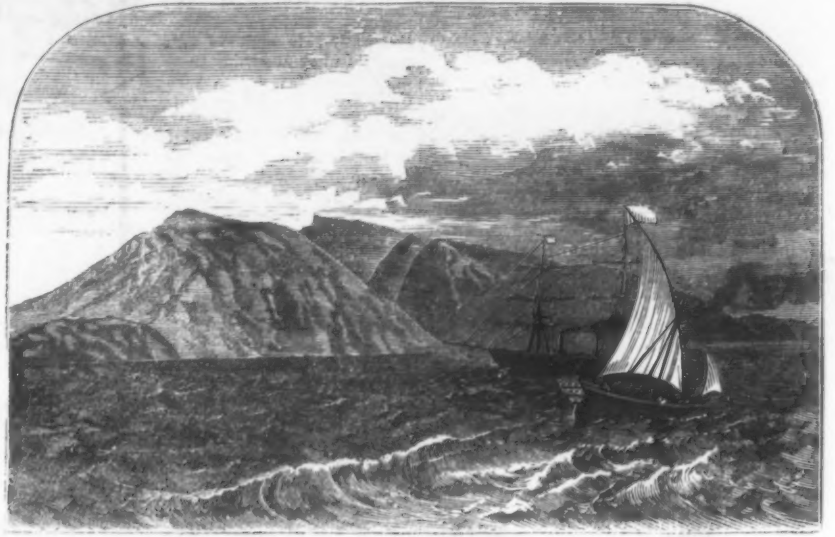
NATIONS WITHOUT FIRE.—According to Pliny, fire was a long time unknown to some of the ancient Egyptians; and when Exodus (the celebrated astronomer) showed it to them, they were absolutely in rapture. The Persians, Phoenicians, Greeks, and several other nations, acknowledge that their ancestors were once without the use of fire, and the Chinese confess the same of their progenitors. Pomponius, Moins, Plutarch, and other ancient writers, speak of nations who, at the time they wrote, knew not the use of fire, or had just learned it. Facts of the same kind are also attested by several modern nations. The inhabitants of the Marian Islands, which were discovered in 1551, had no idea of fire. Never was astonishment greater than theirs when they saw it on the desert Magellan, in one of their islands. At first they believed it was some kind of animal that fixed to and fed upon wood. The inhabitants of the Philippine and Canary Islands were formerly equally ignorant. Africa presents, even in our own day, tribes in this deplorable state.

CHAINING BOOKS TO DESKS IN CHURCHES.—The custom of chaining books to desks in churches is said to have originated from an act of Convocation in 1562, ordering that Nowell's Catechism, the Articles, and Bishop Jewel's Apology should be taught in universities and cathedral churches. But the custom has been traced back as far as Sir Thomas Litchford, who by his will, dated 1481, ordered some of his works to be chained in different churches. St. Bernard, in 1154, in one of his sermons, actually alludes to some such custom.

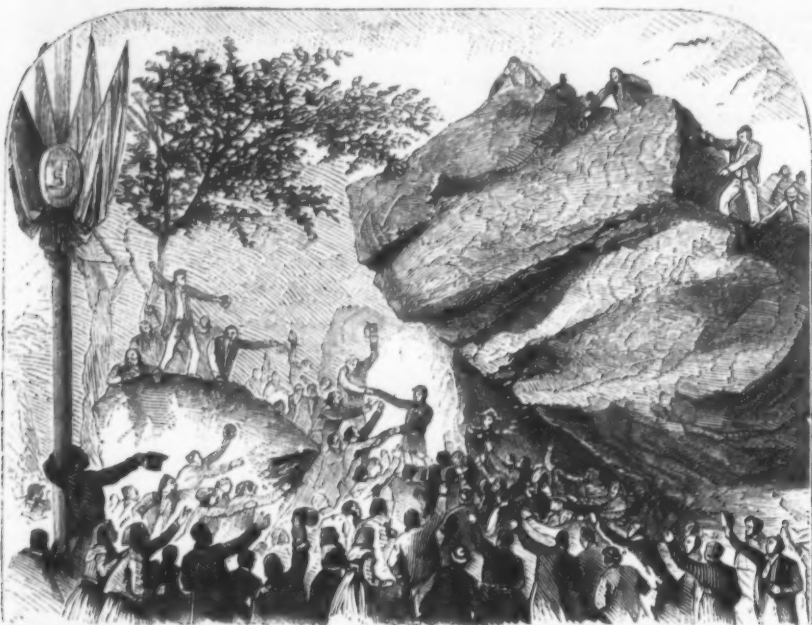
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 91.



EGYPT.—THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ CANAL.—UNION OF THE WATERS OF THE RED AND MEDITERRANEAN SEAS.



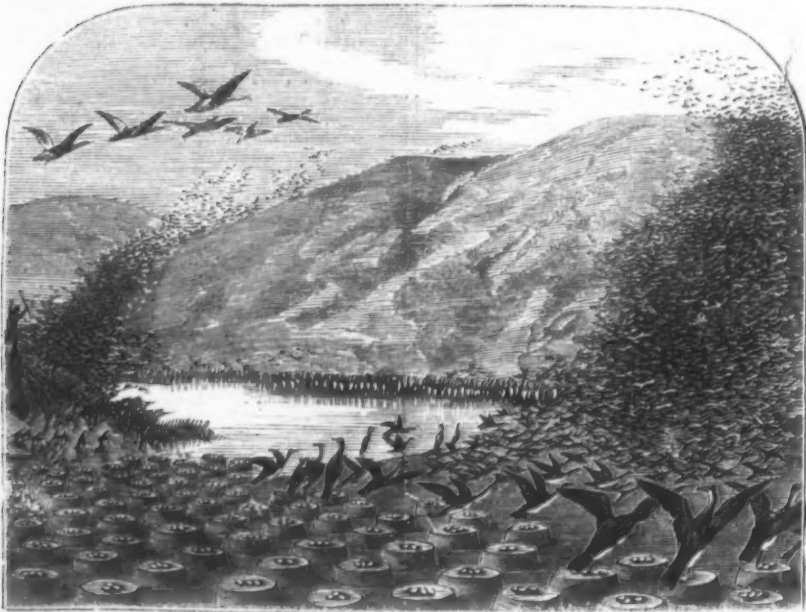
GULF OF SUEZ.—THE ISLAND OF SHADWAN, WHERE THE BOMBAY MAIL STEAM PACKET CARNATIC WAS WRECKED.



CORSIKA.—THE IMPERIAL VISIT.—THE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE AT THE NAPOLEON GROTTTO, NEAR AJACCIO.



HOLLAND.—THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION AT AMSTERDAM.—EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE PALACE.



STRAIT OF MAGELLAN.—CORMORANTS' NESTS ON MAGDALENA ISLAND.



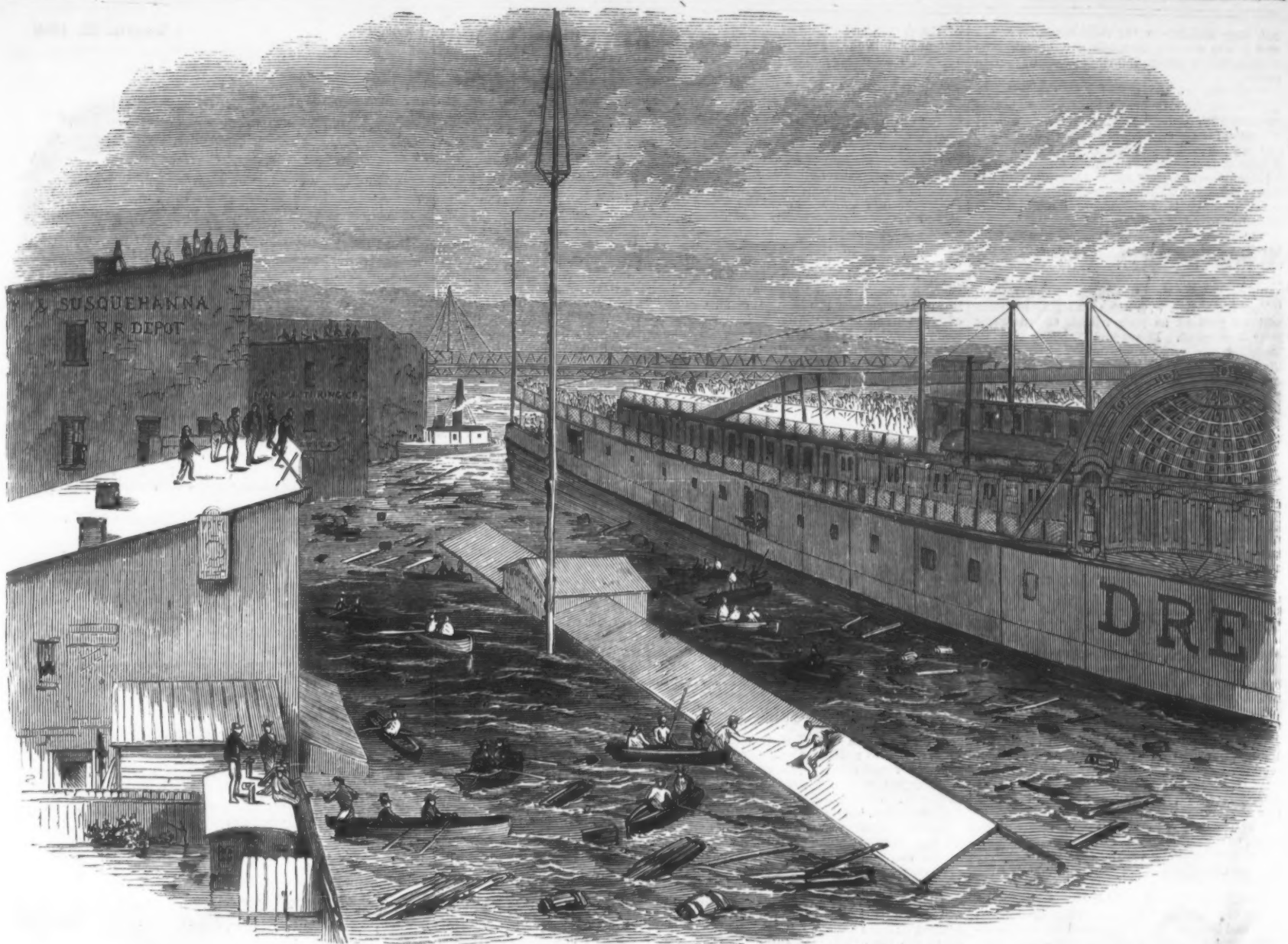
BELGIUM.—THE GRAND FETES.—ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST PARTY OF ENGLISH VOLUNTEERS AT OSTEND.



FRANCE.—APPEARANCE OF THE FRASCATI SHORE, NEAR HAVRE, DURING THE GALE OF SEPTEMBER 12TH, 1869.



ENGLAND.—FUNERAL OF LADY PALMERSTON, IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, LONDON.



THE EQUINOCTIAL FLOOD.—VIEW OF THE STEAMBOAT LANDING AT ALBANY, N. Y., OCTOBER 4TH, 1869.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOHN P. DAVIS.—SEE PAGE 95.

GRATIANA.

BY MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

(Concluded).

BUT if Rhoda was the picture of a rose on that April day in the garden with her cousin Hugh, she was a very different thing when six months later found her still battling off the addresses of her ancient admirer, who, perhaps from feeling his time abbreviate each day, each day became more ardent and persistent, till Rhoda was almost worn out in the struggle. "The Old Guard dies," cried Rhoda, "but it never surrenders." Her cousin Hugh had gone away with his mother, Mrs. Agatha. They were to have returned by this time, but, choosing to take passage home by water, they had been cast away, as might have been expected in the season of September gales, and, being rescued, had been carried into one of the ports of the Province, where Mrs. Agatha rejoiced that her name was no longer Warburton, and abated much of her haughty bearing in order that no one might suspect that it ever had been, and whence she presently wrote that Hugh, after his superhuman exertions on the wreck, was lying ill with a fever, unable to lift his hand to his head, and wild with delirium; but she found time and inclination, even then, to say that as she had heard a fever sometimes produced a total change of constitution, likes and dislikes, she hoped that her son would come to his senses at last with all this unfortunate passion for his cousin Rhoda eliminated from his system.

Now that he had heard, as he did ere falling ill, that his cousin's wedding-day was fixed, she thought his mind would be at rest in the matter, and good results might be expected.

"One would think love was a humor of the blood, from the way Aunt Agatha talks," cried Rhoda, with a flush of her old spirit—"scrofula, or king's evil, or St. Anthony's fire. If it wasn't for Hugh, I would marry Doctor Herkimer tomorrow, or perhaps I would, if it were only to change my name from Warburton—I do so despise the whole set of you, self-righteous worldlings! As for me, I'm a sinner, and I'm glad I am, if you are Christians! I'm sure there's none of the Warburton in Hugh, in spite of his mother; his father's good blood must have conquered all Aunt Agatha's royal purple. Oh, you needn't talk about his being my cousin; if he were a bishop, he might be twenty cousins, and you'd never say a word! Of course I'm a wretch; you're only telling the truth when you say so, and the truth will bear its weight. At

any rate, I'm too bad for your Saint Herkimer, and that's what Planchette says."

"Planchette says a great deal too much!" exclaimed her mother, who now let Rhoda always finish her tirades, in hopes, after freeing her mind, she would repent of it, perhaps. "And that, I am convinced, is what ails you. I wish the thing had staid in France! What impelled your cousin Matilda to bring it over, when there isn't another in the country, I cannot imagine. You lose all your nervous power and vital strength through it—it is worse than the rappings in the Wesley House. Your uncle Ferdinand says, Rhoda, that, from what I tell him, it can be nothing at all but the work of the Evil One himself."

"Oh, what nonsense! He's a great lawyer!"

"Very well, my dear. But you must admit

that your uncle Ferdinand is likely to be better informed than you."

"About the devil—yes."

"And your grandfather and your aunt Agnes say the same."

"They never saw a Planchette in all their lives; they were saying so the other day, for Matilda's is the only one anybody hereabouts has heard of. It's just like them; but any one except a Warburton would wait till they saw it before they condemned it."

"I am sure I agree with them. And I have seen it. The thing, in all it has written, has only upheld you in your obstinate course."

"Uncle Ferdinand thinks it the devil, because he means to say I cheat, and that is the way he puts it."

"For my part, I am afraid of it. And if it really is an evil spirit—to have my daughter familiar with an evil spirit—oh, some time, Rhoda, it will carry you off in a flame of fire!"

"Wish it might, if Doctor Godfrey is round—especially on that day the family have cooked up among them for my wedding-day. I suppose they fancy fixing the day will fix me; they can't believe I will dare resist after the public has been invited. I've heard," said Rhoda, with her bitter little laugh, "of reckoning without the host, but never of marrying without the bride. Why, do you suppose I'd hesitate which to take—between Doctor Herkimer and strychnine? You're killing Hugh among you; why should I care to live?"

"Oh, Rhoda! all this comes of that evil little Planchette."

"Poor Planchette! You'd better have a family conclave, and declare if I sha'n't give up Planchette as well as Hugh, and invite your precious Herkimer to assist, and your Right Reverend Van Zandt—"

Her mother clapped her fingers upon her ears—and indeed it was not very edifying conversation to hear,



THE EQUINOCTIAL FLOOD.—SCENE AT THE FOOT OF STATE STREET, ALBANY, N. Y., OCTOBER 4TH, 1869.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOHN P. DAVIS.—SEE PAGE 95.

but they had driven the child beyond herself, and it was scarcely so much she, herself, who talked, as a little infuriate and desperate creature at bay.

"Oh, you profane child! what are you saying?" cried the mother. "But I will do just as you suggest, though you do not mean it. I will send for your grandfather, and your aunts and uncles and cousins, and for dear Doctor Herkimer and Bishop Van Zandt, and they shall all decide, when they see you writing with the thing, and in a white stupor beneath its influence, whether it is not a sinful and terrible amusement, a toy of Satan."

"Think it'll be safe?" laughed Rhoda, with her bitter laugh again. "Shan't I take the opportunity of telling them my opinion of them?"

"I don't imagine you will," said her mother. "You know that every one who may be there will be present as your friend, and desiring your best good. If they all think that your marriage to a man who has every probability in his favor of being chosen to the highest place in the church, so soon as our dear old bishop goes to his reward, the best thing that could happen to you, both in a spiritual and a worldly point of view, it is not as your enemies that they think so. A circumstance that will give you a position at the very head of all religious society, that will advance your family, and will assist your brothers and cousins immeasurably."

"Yes, mamma, just that."

"And save you from union with a young man who shows his entire unworthiness by the manner in which he refuses to surrender his claim upon you—"

"God bless him for it!" cried Rhoda, in a shower of tears, and longing just then to throw herself upon her mother's neck, and find some ray of sympathy. But her mother saw the longing, and avoided it; she did not dare to soften, that might ruin all, since Rhoda had such a power of wheedling, once give it field for exercise. But Rhoda was not blind, and instead of abandoning herself to embraces and sobs, she only finished her sentence. "It would make no difference if he did surrender his claim," she cried, chokingly, but her tears shining like sparks, "for I will go to him as soon as he is ready to take me, if I have to walk through fire! And as for Doctor Herkimer, you know, mother, you know I loathe him!"

"You will go to your room, and remain there," responded her mother, angrily, at that. "You arouse every wicked passion I possess, by your contumacy. Stay there till I send for you."

Rhoda's family had, in fact, grown altogether weary of reasoning with her, and now compulsion had begun. They had fixed her wedding-day among themselves without any consultation with her; they had her trousseau under preparation; and though it is not best to say that they meant to drug her, and drag her to the altar half insensible, yet they certainly trusted that the intimidation of so public a measure would come to their aid like a reinforcement. Whether it was her refuge of amusement with Planchette that had made her grow so pale and thin and languid, so utterly dispirited, or whether it was the perpetual and petty persecution and harassment, the delayed and disappointed affection, the tedious confinements to her own room, on a diet of water-gruel—a famous Warburton punishment—the anxiety in relation to Hugh's illness, who can say? At any rate, the fact was patent enough; and so they all declared, as, not many days after the conversation recorded above, they rustled into Mrs. Rodolph's drawing-room, and seated themselves in judicial expectation, and looked at the little being so like a rose six months since, and now as blanched and etiolated as a stalk of celery.

"Let her be held up and married to the man," muttered the grandsire to Miss Agnes, "whether she will or not; and my word for it, she will soon recover her color and regret her folly."

"Is that little trifle the thing you imagine to be sapping her strength in this way?" asked an uncle.

"Impossible," replied another; "a bit of boxwood and brass."

"It looks like an imp."

"Or the three-legged stool an imp might use to sit on."

"It is the old heathen tripod."

"We have the day of possession by evil spirits returned upon us," said one and another.

And so the talk ran on beneath the breath among all the great Warburtons assembled in family conclave, to pass judgment, possibly upon Planchette, and just as possibly, by their combined weight and magnetism, so to speak, to overawe the contumacious little rebel into the marriage they desired and she detested.

There was something, to all appearance, a little unequal in this contest. The imposing presence of the Warburtons in their rich array, their silks and diamonds, to which their massive contours and stern eyes gave rather a granitic than a silken or jeweled lustre, was a mighty front of battle to be opposed to this little girl sitting alone at the table with her tiny boxwood confederate. But Rhoda looked at them coolly, if furtively. She saw in their hard, cold faces only that quality which she had reason to recognize in them—a selfish, cruel pride, just now veiled, perhaps, by a shadow of curiosity, but there all the same, and ready to sacrifice her and Hugh and anybody else to the advancement of that idol of theirs—the family. She took courage, and set her pretty mouth, and placed her fingers on the board.

A quire of leaves of paper had been placed beneath the thing; her uncles had stationed themselves in such wise, they fancied, as to be able to detect any imposition, were one practiced; and Doctor Godfrey Herkimer was to remove each leaf so soon as it should be covered with the promised writing.

Mrs. Rodolph sat opposite her daughter, in a singular frame of mind, divided between doubt

of the deceit, and vanity of displaying Rhoda's last accomplishment, a little fear of the family verdict, a little fear of the evil spirit, and certain sensation of triumph over Mrs. Ferdinand, whose daughter, that white-faced Amy, being feeble-minded, had never been able to learn to read or write at all, and was consequently, to Mrs. Rodolph's mind, totally unable to manipulate Planchette, and who sat now with her sad, vacant face—the face of a gentle idiot—simpering at her own reflection in the glass.

All at once Planchette began to dance about the paper in a wild way, so that Rhoda's hand could scarcely follow. Every Warburton in the room bent forward intent, and drew back presently, a little disconcerted to find that Planchette was really taking no notice at all of their high mightinesses, but merely amusing herself by sketching picture after picture on the blank leaf of paper—now the likeness of an odd sort of wine-glass, one apparently engraved with some design, and having a tiny crystal snake coiled round the stem; then, drawn in mere outlines, yet perfectly recognizable, darkness was indicated, and waves of the sea just closing over a sinking weight; then, all along the leaf, two intertwining hands, and presently some random words: "In prison, and I will unlock my door—He drinks, never fear—Wait, wait for me—I come!"

What was there in such random words and such mere scrawls to make the Warburtons grow white? Mrs. Rose trembled too much to stir; Miss Agnes started to her feet. Before, however, the latter could move her lips, the husband of Rose, ignorant of any reason why the thing should not go on, had exclaimed, "Rhoda!" for Rhoda's head was drooping forward, her features were blue and sharp as those of a corpse, her eyes were half closed; and he had seized her shoulder, and had roused her from the comatose condition which she either suffered or affected.

"This is no deception," said Mr. Rodolph Warburton, coming forward and receiving Rhoda, who sprang into his arms in a burst of tears.

"Wait a minute," said the other gentleman. "It may be child's play, but as we began it, we had better finish it. If it is not deception, Amy, who does not know how to read or write, and who could never learn, and of whose infirmities you are all aware, will answer as well as Rhoda. One cannot cheat us: I do not say the other does."

And before any one could oppose his masterful movements, he had seated the simple Amy in the chair, and had placed her hand upon Planchette.

There was one instant's pause, and then, as if this personality opposed no single obstruction of will or temperament to whatever the fluid or current or force might be, Planchette ran lightly up to the top of the leaf, and commenced writing, and wrote steadily to the bottom, when, as Doctor Herkimer withdrew the page, the same thing was done with the next, and so on for a dozen pages, in a pointed running hand, like that which some bold and dashing woman might be supposed to write; and Amy's head fell forward, her lids dropped, and she seemed to be as deeply asleep as the dead, while Rhoda looked at her with eyes that now were burning like two coals.

"Now, Doctor Herkimer," said the gentleman who had made Amy the operator, the husband of Mrs. Rose, "let us hear if this is sense or nonsense." And while the Warburtons stiffened and grew cold under the sound of his voice, this is what Doctor Herkimer read:

"It is not I that did the murder—it is you. Yours was the killing, for you knew what the end must be—you knew that marriage was the knife, I but the handle of the knife; knife and handle were in your hands—you used them. For my part, I have never been troubled by a qualm; I did no murder; I was in prison, where you had put me; I cut my way through the door. Because the door was flesh—tush! flesh is to me no more sacred than oak or iron now. I had quite as lief drop the figure; the fact remains, and my guilt does not begin till yours ends. Ends! It never ends. Its consequences, throbbing after throbbing, intrude upon eternity. You Warburtons, who persecuted me, and stabbed the life nerves—"

"I—I—really—beg your pardon—I think I will not proceed—I—" stammered Doctor Herkimer.

"Go on!" cried Rhoda, so imperiously that he dared not disobey.

"Go on!" exclaimed the gentleman who had constituted himself master of the ceremonies.

"You Warburtons who drove me wild! you sisters and brothers, selfish and savage, are yet less selfish and savage than that gray-haired old man who sits there among you—his hair was not gray at that night when he came in to me with that slender red-hot iron, and burned a spot in my flesh into the bone, till I gave the promise he required. A bandage hid the wounded arm next day, a ribbon, a broad bracelet, but, ah! what parental care was that!"

"I never did!" cried the grandsire, bolt upright.

"Go on!" cried Rhoda. "Parental care was that—"

"That old man has changed since then; convicted of his sins, he has seen a place of torment so near that he knows how hot iron burns as well as I do, for as it has tortured my flesh, so it has seared his spirit. He has repented that dark bridal in tears of blood! Let him—let him repent! I will never forgive—I will accuse him to heaven forever, for he made me what I am! I was a thing of sensitive being, of delicate limb, too weak to withstand your stings, your taunts, your buffets, and your red-hot irons. Then, you fools, though you locked the door and set the jailer, did you suppose that I would stay bound? Ask that dark night at sea, when a pinch of white

dust in his wine laid the man low, and crew and captain made haste to rid the ship of the dead they deemed dead with cholera, to give a secret to the sea that never betrays such secrets. Then, oh! my love, I was thine! Spread, spread, white sails! blow, wind, and follow, sea! I speed, I speed to his dear arms! They hold me, they embrace me; I flee in them from church and state and scolding eyes to the tropic island sphered in summer seas, and months and years of bliss, in which I forget you all—you Warburtons—and know only the splendid eyes, the smile, feel only the kisses, hear only the burden of love in that voice! What care I for the tonsure? But for you it would never have been there; it were you who made Grosvenor give him to the church when you feared lest I should love him. No, I cared for nothing; I gave the world the go-by; I lived in him and in the blissful weather which he breathed beside me. One day he breathed it no more. Had he bathed, and had some monster of the tropic deep risen and dragged him down? had he slipped and fallen through some volcanic cleft, hidden by masses of blossom? had his church at length put forth her unseen, silent hand and drawn him in? I never knew. I was alone, constantly and forever alone. The sun was too bright to bear; it maddened me; I said that I would follow him; I am here. But here he is not. He lies in a monk's cell, face down on the stone floor, clasping a crucifix; he is stretched all night on the icy marble before the great altar, his back scourged by his own hands with bleeding knots; he is repenting, he is expiating, he is parted from me by loathing of the old sweet guilt, by prayer and hope, and the love that he has learned for a heaven—oh, shall it be a heaven barred to me forever? He is divided from me; he is held away by all those invisible and terrible hands, each prayer of his a further separation. And it is you, you Warburtons, who have wrought my woe. I am in hell, and I curse you. GRATIANA."

There was the silence of the grave in the room when Doctor Herkimer laid down the last leaf. Every face of the Warburtons was livid; they could not have denied the thing had they tried; they could not try, for every tongue was tied, every mouth was parched, every lip was sealed, when suddenly, like the breaking of a chain, there was a hoarse cry from the patriarch, an extended finger, and they all turned, with eyes bent upon Amy, to see the pale face of the dim-eyed, idiotic girl disappear in a sort of light, to the surface of which there seemed to swim the semblance of another face—a dark rich face, with shadowy hair dropping round it, with a red rose on the cheek, into whose curve melted the corner of the dimple-set mouth, with eyes of soft, darkling lustre.

"It is she! It is Gratiana!" cried Agnes, beside herself, and wringing her hands; "I heated the iron for him!" And with the sound the smile deserted the mouth, the softness fled from the eye, scorn curled the lip, a fiery arrow shot from the glance, a venom of hate writhed, like a snake, itself across the beautiful, angry face, and then there was nothing there but a dazzle, and presently the pale countenance of the dim-eyed Amy, wondering at all the coil about her, and with a worse confusion in her feeble mind than ever. And by that time Miss Agnes was stiff in an hysterical, which nobody could spare time or thought from the general bewilderment to heed.

"Who and what are you?" thundered Mr. Warburton. The little machine, that had stood so quietly on the table since it ceased writing, suddenly lifted itself and brought its pencil down with force, as if one stamped a foot in glee upon the floor; it rolled a moment from side to side, like a body shaken with uncontrollable laughter, and then it ran and wrote, as one who writes breathlessly:

"I am the devil!" Mr. Warburton strode across the room, and seized the thing, and dashed it into the middle of the blazing wood-fire, and drew the hot coals over it; there came a crackle and a shower of sparks, and one great flame swept up the chimney and into the limitless outer air. Mrs. Rose had fainted.

"Bishop Herkimer," said the old man, still holding himself head of the family, and addressing the doctor by the title which best expressed what he had been to them, "you can no longer wish to enter a house whose secrets, and such secrets, are now exposed to you. No expostulation, I beg. The affair ends here. And as for you, child, tampering with profane hands, what manner of thing is this attachment to your cousin, when one who proclaims himself to be the Prince of the Powers of the Air comes to aid you there? One tragedy shall be enough for us; it has cost us too dear, humbled us too low; you shall not be driven into any marriage as that wretched woman was, but—"

Rhoda did not hesitate, though her heart beat and her very forehead flamed. "What manner of thing?" she cried. "A holy thing. No bargain of flesh and blood for a bishopric, no sale of a soul, but a good and honest affection for a man whom I mean to marry if he lives long enough to take me." And though at that point she stopped, dissolved in tears, she afterward kept her word. And I do not believe she will ever regret the blow she gave to the pride of the Warburtons.

FINGER-RINGS.—It is in the oldest of histories, the book of Moses, that we find the earliest records of the use of the finger-ring. It originally appears to have been a signet, used as we now use a written autograph; and it is not a little curious that the unchanged habit of Eastern life renders the custom as common now as it was three thousand years ago. When Tamar desired some certain token by which she should again recognize Judah, she made her first request for his signet, and when the time of recognition arrived, it was duly and undoubtedly acknowledged by all.

MY PET BIRDS OF THE SEASONS.

When thick the snow lies on the ground,
And in the wind the poplar shakes,
When winter from each bush and tree
The last of autumn's berries takes—
My Robin, for his morning meal,
Down to my window blithely flits;
He picks the crumbs, then sings his thanks,
As near me in the hedge he sits.

When in the spring the smoking team
Goes slowly o'er the red plowed land,
And far, in golden showers, the seed
Is scatter'd from the sower's hand;
Then, bounding up on quivering wings,
That shake with joy, my Lark springs high,
And, wandering far in sunny air,
Sings loud between the earth and sky.

When, hot no more, the summer's Sun
Is sinking slowly to his rest,
And crimson bars are cross'd with shafts
Of gold that rise above the west,
I cross the fields, I cross the brook,
And there, in the still evening air,
My Mavis sings so sweet, I think
'Tis half a song and half a prayer.

When the first autumn wind has blown—
When the last reaper leaves the fields—
When all the land is bare, but full
Are all our barns with what it yields,
A silence falls upon the groves,
And, with its note so low and long,
My Blackbird in the garden sings
A farewell to the year of song.

THE GHOST DREAM.

GOLDEN sunbeams danced through the trees, throwing flickering shadows on the smooth greensward. The west wind breathed gently its cooling breath, and the happy birds twittered in their leafy coverts.

The fitful sound of music and the hum of gay young voices floated out of the open window of Eaton Villa.

A slight girlish form parted the sweeping curtains, and flitted out upon the broad veranda. A happy smile lighted up her fair face. She leaned against the vine-wreathed balustrade in a pensive attitude, toying with the drooping flowers of the tangled vine. With a far-off look in her eyes, she weaved in fancy's loom golden dreams of the future.

A face of manly mold, with earnest black eyes, graced by heavy curling whiskers and neatly-trimmed mustache, glanced out at the graceful little figure, and with a loving look on his handsome face, joined her.

"How now, dear Maud; are you wearied with the gay chattering of the lively group within?"

"No, Guy; but I like to steal away and indulge in my own thoughts sometimes."

"Castle-building, eh? I hope you give me a prominent position in your airy dwelling?"

She gave a happy little laugh.

"Never fear, sir, but what you will get all you deserve."

"And more, dear," he answered, "if fate reserves for me this dear hand."

"Maud, Maud, where are you?" shouted a ringing, merry voice. "Oh, there you are, and according to the fitness of things, your shadow beside you. Come in here, both of you, if you can condescend to the realities of the mundane sphere, and give us the benefit of your sage counsel."

And the laughing, piquant face of Maggie Eaton, Maud's younger sister, disappeared behind the curtains.

Passing into the room, Maud and her companion, Guy Halifax, were saluted with a host of queries and exclamations.

"Oh, don't consent to such a hair-brained scheme," said timid May Lee, in a pleading voice.

"Oh, yes, do, Maud. Guy will, I know. It will be gay sport to chase spectres at midnight," chimed in the spirited voice of Maggie.

"Oh, Maggie, how can you jest so?" said Fannie Gamble. "If you found yourself in the presence of a bona-fide ghost, you would run from it, instead of after it."

"What is it all about?" asked Guy Halifax, gazing in astonishment at the excited group before him.

"Why, just this," answered Robert Norman, constituting himself spokesman for the party; "we were discussing ghosts and kindred subjects, when that madcap Maggie," casting an admiring glance at her saucy face, "rehearsed for our benefit the story of the Leslie haunted house, and concluded with the audacious proposal that the entire party should spend the night there, and engage in the exciting pastime of chasing spirits."

Guy laughed, and said:

"Well, in my opinion, she would have a long watch, and no game."

"That's my opinion, too," said Robert; "but some of the ladies are frightened at the idea, and disavow all desire to try the experiment."

"Shame on them," said Maggie, "for showing the white feather. I'm determined to go, if I go alone."

"Oh, dreadful! shocking!" chorused a half dozen female voices.

"What do you say, Maud?" said Maggie, nothing daunted. "You're not afraid, I know."

"No, indeed; I am no believer in ghosts or haunted houses, and yet I think it a foolish tax upon the nerves to stay in that gloomy, tumble-down house all night."

"Nerves! Pahaw, I haven't any such troublesome things about me, and if you are all such cowards, why, I'll go alone."

"If you are determined to go, Maggie, why, I will accompany you," said Robert Norman, who was her accepted lover, "and see that the ghosts do not spirit you away."

Here followed an animated discussion upon the propriety and safety of the scheme; but,

Maggie persisting in her determination, they all finally agreed to the proposed visit.

Mrs. Eaton offered some feeble resistance to the proposed plan, but her husband said:

"Let the young folks have their own way. There's naught there to harm them."

So Mrs. Eaton made no further objections, but, ever thoughtful for the comfort of her guests, dispatched some servants immediately—for they could not be persuaded to approach the house after dark—with refreshments, blankets and materials for light and fire.

The Leslie mansion was not far from Eaton Villa. The evening was bright and cloudless, and the gay party started off about nine o'clock, with laugh and jest, to walk to its haunted precincts.

"Here, Guy," shouted Mr. Eaton, as they started down the garden walk, "take this with you," handing him a loaded pistol.

They walked blithely on, and soon stood before the deserted dwelling. It loomed up gloomy and repellent upon their gaze. The weird moonlight streamed through the dusky trees and matted vines that encompassed it, making misty, creeping shadows as the leaves fluttered in the sighing breeze. The gaping windows, with their broken panes, seemed backed by a thick, impenetrable darkness. The quick rush of frightened birds, and the hooting of a disturbed owl, fell ominous on their ears. The light jest and gay song died away, and all felt oppressed with a nameless fear.

The great door, as it yielded to their touch, creaked dimly upon its rusty hinges, and the firm tread of Guy, who had volunteered to precede them and strike a light, resounded hollow through the dismantled hall.

The familiar sputter of a match, and the faint glimmer of a candle, however, restored their faltering courage. Soon a cheery fire of blazing logs crackled defiantly in the open chimney, and under the influence of light and heat their recreant gaiety soon returned.

They drew forward two moth-eaten couches that stood grimly against the moldy wall, and covered them with the blankets which Mrs. Eaton's care had provided. A time-stained, forbidding-looking table, too, was drawn out of its obscure corner, and made the receptacle for the contents of two plerotic-looking hamper.

"What a novel affair," laughed Maggie. "A midnight picnic in an enchanted house, with any quantity of ghosts expected to assist in the consumption of the good things."

"Oh, Maggie!" exclaimed Maud, "you're not orthodox; ghosts don't eat."

"Don't they, though? then it is because they don't get the chance. If I only see one I'll ask him to eat, and you see if he refuses."

"He!" laughed Robert, mischievously. "You seem to imagine that all the spirits are of the masculine gender."

"Oh, I'll leave all the females to you. You are wondrous fond of them, you know."

"Only one, *ma chère*," he whispered, stooping to cut a knot that defied her deft little fingers.

While the ladies were busy arranging everything at their command in the most comfortable manner, two of the gentlemen explored the rest of the house, but soon returned, saying that they had discovered nothing but dirt and cobwebs.

They gathered around the table, and discussed the tempting viands.

Song, gay repartee, and lively chit-chat passed the hastening hours.

Midnight! The very word brought with it a shuddering fear. The ladies ceased their flippant chat, and cast nervous glances over their shoulders. Even the bolder masculine souls grew more quiet and less boastful.

The moments flew on, and no ghost was seen or heard. Weary eyes, in spite of their fear, grew dull, and sleepily closed. Sudden visions, rattling of detached plaster, creaking of loose timbers, or the melancholy chirp of some bird disturbed in its slumber, would start the listless forms, and open the sleepy eyes in luminous fear; but gradually nature overcame their sleepy watchfulness, and all except Guy were closely locked in the arms of Morpheus.

Guy glanced round him with a smile. The curly head of the intrepid Maggie rested on the shoulder of Robert Norman, where he had placed it, apprehensive of speedy dislocation of her neck for her violent nods, as she succumbed to her weariness. The other ladies were on the couches in somnolent attitudes, while the gentlemen reclined on chairs, or in half-reclining positions on the floor.

Maud, sweet Maud! his gaze lingered lovingly on her dear face. She reclined in the cumbersome arm-chair opposite him. One rounded cheek pressed the crimson shawl which he had spread over the dusty, moth-eaten cover. Her dark ringlets, picturesquely disheveled, clustered in rippling confusion about her face; her white dimpled hands clasped negligently in her lap. A sweet picture she made; the flickering shadows from the ruddy firelight stealing over her. Guy's heart throbbed with excess of love as he gazed.

But gradually the silence grew irksome, almost insupportable. Extremely weary, his eyelids heavy with sleep, yet anxious forebodings chased away his desire for rest. A sharp sense of coming evil had haunted him during the evening, and it now returned with overwhelming force; and he determined not to yield to drowsiness, but watch and wait.

Time dragged heavily along. Guy, with his head resting wearily upon his hand, was dreamily meditating.

A slight noise aroused him from his reverie. Raising his eyes, he beheld, to his dismay, a phantom crowd glide in from the unopened door. He gazed with mingled awe and wonder, and a thrill of fear and a sense of icy coldness swept over him. The outlines of the shapes were dim, and faded into nothingness; they seemed to sway and hover in the air. They were all skeletons, and their jaws grinned

sardonically, and an intense, unearthly light shone from their empty eye-sockets.

They took no notice of the unconscious sleepers, but turned their fleshless faces toward Guy. He felt their baleful glances, and his blood chilled with horror. They pointed their bony fingers at him, and gesticulated angrily, as if incensed at his presence.

Finally one more hideous-looking than any of the rest glided menacingly toward him, his bones clattering as he approached.

Palsied with horror, Guy remained motionless. Not until he felt its cold deathly grip around his throat did he rouse from his lethargy. Shaking off the grinning horror with a desperate effort, he seized the pistol before him, and discharged it at his grisly foe.

The sharp report ran echoing through the house. Every one started to their feet; the ladies in abject terror, and the men in wondering consternation.

Guy glanced bewildered about him. The phantoms had fled, but—oh, horror!—Maud Eaton, his dear betrothed, lay weltering in her life's blood.

He had shot her in a hideous dream, and paralyzed with horror and remorse, he sank insensible to the floor.

The fearful realization of the awful tragedy before them burst upon the bewildered senses of the awe-stricken party. They gathered, mute and unnerved, around the prostrate forms of the victim and her unwitting murderer.

The red rays of the morning sun trembled in the east, and flushed the dull gray sky with rosy light. Out of the grim portals of the ill-fated house shudderingly passed the returning party. Two rough litters had been hastily constructed, upon which reposed the lifeless body of the hapless Maud and the still unconscious form of poor Guy. Maggie walked beside her slain sister, with a dazed expression in her dark eyes, remorsefully murmuring:

"It is my sin! it is my sin!"

As they neared the house, Robert Norman hastened forward to break the dreadful news to the unsuspecting parents. At the sight of the gory form of Maud, and the ghastly features of Guy, Mrs. Eaton sank helpless to the floor.

The guests, aided by the weeping servants, set about their mournful tasks. They carried Guy's prostrate form to a bed-chamber, and sent for a physician to attend him. They applied restoratives to the poor heartbroken mother, and tenderly and pityingly prepared Maud for the grave.

It seemed a dream!—so young, so full of hope! Oh, cruel fate! couldst thou not have stolen the sweet young life in a less fearful way?—but to fall by the hand of the one she loved so well, ay, one who would have given his own heart's blood to have spared her one fleeting pang of sorrow!

When Guy arose from his bed, a shattered, brokenhearted man, the wintry snows were heaped high above Maud's dreamless bed. A few years of restless wanderings, his hair blanched, and his face wrinkled with bitter grief and gnawing remorse; a lone journey to the grave of his murdered betrothed, a gasping cry for forgiveness, and the worn and weary victim of a cruel fate was stretched cold and lifeless on the damp sod.

THE EQUINOCTIAL STORM AND FLOOD.

The gale and rain that accompanied the autumnal equinox of this year were of unusual severity. In some parts of the country the rain fell continuously for more than thirty hours, and the streams were filled with so large a quantity of water that the usual channels were not equal to their drainage. Hundreds of square miles of land, usually dry, were deeply flooded; many mills and dams were carried away; houses were torn from their foundations, and their occupants were taken away in boats, and, in several instances, were drowned before help could reach them. In some places cattle, sheep, haystacks, wagons, and a hundred other things, were floating in the water, and drifting down toward the sea. The damage by the flood was enormous, and as far as the reports indicate, it will prove greater than in any previous occurrence of the kind in the country's history. The Atlantic slope suffered most, and from the eastern frontier of Maine to the banks of the Potomac there was hardly a valley, large or small, that escaped. The lumber regions of Maine lost heavily by the breaking of the booms, and the disappearance of the logs that awaited the saw-mills. The Schuylkill and the Hudson were higher than ever known before. The flood of 1869 will long be remembered.

In Philadelphia and vicinity the flood was particularly disastrous. The water in the Schuylkill river rose above all the wharves below Market street, and extended from Twenty-fourth street, east side, to Thirty-fifth street, on the west side of the river. The river itself presented an indescribable scene, parts of houses, canal-boats, cattle-pens, large tanks, barrels, furniture, etc., all jammed together with rafters, boards and large timber. On Twenty-third street all the houses were flooded from Market street to Callowhill, as well as all the property between that and the river. In many of the houses the occupants had to be taken out in boats. At the Gas Works the water submerged the retorts, causing great damage.

The trestle-work leading to the bridge across the Schuylkill, below South street, was carried away. It belonged to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and connected the main track with the freight depot on the Delaware river at Washington street. During the height of the flood, the vicinity of Vine and Twenty-third streets was the scene of unusual excitement. The water rushed in the horse-cars, and several parties were seen running over the water in row-boats. The covered bridge at Manayunk was struck by a canal-boat, and rendered a complete wreck. Two boys were drowned while springing from the boat to the bridge a moment before the collision.

The damage in all parts of Connecticut was heavy. At South Manchester a large reservoir broke away, carrying off a portion of H. E. Rogers's paper mill and the dams of the Globe Mill Company. The silk factory of Cheeny Brothers was flooded, the paper mills of L. Bunce & Son were destroyed, and the machine shops of S. Loomis were swept away.

The water at Albany rushed over the docks, flooding cellars and basements, and playing havoc with merchandise at the depots and steamboat landings.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF NATURE.

The charts of the world, writes Ruskin, which have been drawn up by modern science have thrown into a narrow space the vast amount of knowledge, but I have never seen any one pictorial enough to enable the spectator to imagine the kind of contrast in physical character that exists between northern and southern countries. We know the differences in detail, but we have not that broad glance and grasp which would enable us to feel them in their fullness. We know that gentians grow on the Alps, and olives on the Apennines; but we do not enough conceive for ourselves that variegated mosaic of the world's surface which a bird sees in his migration—that difference between the district of the gentian which the stork and the swallow see far off, as they lean upon the sirocco wind. Let us for a moment try to raise ourselves even above the level of their flight, and imagine the Mediterranean lying beneath us like an irregular lake, and all its ancient promontories sleeping in the sun; here and there an angry spot of thunder, a gray stain of storm, moving upon the burning field, and here and there a fixed wreath of white volcano smoke, surrounded by its circle of ashes, but for the most part a great peacefulness of light. Syria and Greece, Italy and Spain, laid like pieces of golden pavement into the sea-blue, chased, as we stoop nearer to them, with bosswork of mountain chains, and glowing softly with terraced gardens, and flowers heavy with frankincense, mixed among masses of laurel, and orange, and plumy palm, that abate with their gray-green shadows the burning of the marble rocks, and of the ledges of porphyry sloping under lucent sand. Then let us pass further toward the north, until we see the orient colors change gradually into a vast belt of rainy green, where the pastures of Switzerland, and poplar valleys of France, and dark forests of the Danube and Carpathians stretch from the mouths of the Loire to those of the Volga, seen through clefts in gray swirls of rain-cloud, and flaky walls of the mist of the brooks, spreading low among the pasture lands; and then, further north still, to see the earth heave into mighty masses of leaden rock and healthy moor, bordering with a broad waste of gloomy purple that belt of wood, and splintering into irregular and grisly islands, amidst the northern seas, beaten by storm and chilled by ice-drift, and tormented by furious pulses of contending wind, until the rocks from the forest fall from among the hill ravines, and the hunger of the north wind bites their peaks into barrenness; and, at last, the wall of ice, durable like iron, sets, death-like, its white teeth against us out of the polar twilight. And having once traversed in thought this gradation of the zoned iris of the earth, in all its material vastness, let us go down nearer to it, and watch the parallel change in the belt of animal life; the multitudes of swift and brilliant creatures that glance in the air and sea, or tread the sand of the southern zone; striped zebras and spotted leopards, glistering serpents and birds arrayed in purple and scarlet. Let us contrast their delicacy and brilliancy and swiftness of motion with the frost-cramped strength, and shaggy covering, and dusky plumage of the northern tribes; contrast the Arabian horse with the Shetland, the tiger and leopard with the wolf and bear, the antelope with the elk, the bird of Paradise with the osprey, and then, submissively acknowledging the great laws by which the earth and all that it bears are ruled throughout their being, let us not condemn, but rejoice in the expression by man of his own rest, in the statutes of the land which gave him birth. Let us watch him with reverence as he sets aside by side the burning gems, and smooths with soft sculpture the jasper pillars that are to reflect a ceaseless sunshine, and rise into a cloudless sky; but not with less reverence let us stand by him, when, with rough strength and hurried stroke, he smites an uncouth animation out of the rocks which he has torn from among the moss of the moorland, and heaves into the darkened air the pile of iron buttresses and rugged wall; instinct with work of an imagination as wild and wayward as the northern sea; creations of ungainly shape and rigid limb, but full of wolfish life; fierce as the winds that beat, and changeable as the clouds that change them.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

It is related of a merchant that, wishing to celebrate his daughter's wedding, he collected a party of her young companions. They circled round her, wishing much happiness to the youthful bride and her chosen one. Her father gazed proudly on his lovely child, and hoped that as bright prospects for the future might open for the rest of his children who were playing among the guests. Passing through the hall of the basement, he met a servant who was carrying a lighted candle in her hand, without the candlestick. He blamed her for such conduct, and went into the kitchen to see about the supper. The girl soon returned, but without the candle. The merchant immediately recollected that several barrels of gunpowder had been placed in the cellar during the day, and that one had been opened.

"Where is your candle?" he inquired, in the utmost alarm.

"I couldn't bring it up with me, for my arms are full of wood," said the girl.

"Where did you put it?"

"Well, I'd no candlestick, so I stuck it in some black sand that's in the small barrel."

Her master dashed down the stairs. The passage was long and dark; his knees threatened to give way under him; his breath was choked; his throat seemed dry and parched, as if he already felt the suffocating blast of death. At the end of the cellar, under the very room where his children and their friends were revelling in fealty, he saw the open barrel of powder, with the top—the candle stuck loosely in the grains, with a long, red snuff of burnt wick. This sight seemed to wither all his powers. The laughter of the company struck upon his ear like the knell of death. He stood a moment, unable to move. The music commenced above, the feet of the dancers responding with vivacity; the floor shook, and the loose bottles in the cellar jingled with the motion. He fancied the candle moved—was falling. With desperate energy he sprang forward; but how to remove it—the slightest touch would cause the red wick to fall into the powder. With unequalled presence of mind, he placed a hand on each side of the candle, with the open palms of his care, which, as his hands met, was secured in the clasping of his fingers, and safely moved away from its dangerous position. When he reached the head of the stairs, he smiled at his previous alarm; but the reaction was too powerful, and he fell into fits of the most violent laughter. He was conveyed to his bed senseless, and many weeks elapsed ere his nerves recovered sufficient tone to allow him to resume his business.

TAKING IT EASY.—Sir George Staunton visited a man in India who had committed a murder; and in order not only to save his life, but what was of much more consequence, his *caste*, he submitted to the penalty imposed; this was to sleep seven years on a bedstead without any mattress, the whole surface of which was studded with points of iron, resembling nails, but not so sharp as to penetrate the flesh. Sir George saw him in the fifth year of his probation, and his skin was then like the hide of a rhinoceros, but more callous. At that time, however, he could sleep comfortably on his "bed of thorns," and remarked, that at the expiration of the term of his sentence he should most probably continue that system from choice, which he had been obliged to adopt from necessity.

NEWS BRIEVITIES.

A GEOLOGICAL survey of the State of Georgia has been undertaken.

TICKETS for the Boston Coliseum Raffle are selling rapidly throughout New England.

A PLOT to burn down the city of Panama, for purposes of plunder, has been discovered.

MADEIRA wine, it is reported, will be abundant and good this year.

SENATOR BROWNLOW, of Tennessee, is very ill, and it is said is likely to die.

A MOVEMENT to encourage emigration to California is in progress.

THE town of Westfield, Mass., entered its third century on the 6th of October.

THE National Irish Emigration Committee met in convention at St. Louis on the 6th inst.

THE Legislature of Tennessee is organized, and ready for the transaction of business.

THE shipbuilding yards at Bordeaux, France, were destroyed on the 6th of October by fire.

THERE is a small revolution on the *tapis* in Mexico. As yet it is not considered very serious.

TWO MILLIONS of dollars worth of property is said to have been destroyed on the Schuylkill, near Philadelphia, by the great freshet of the 4th inst.

THE worms have been committing great havoc in Michigan; large numbers of trees have been denuded of their leaves.

THE German Diet was opened on the 6th inst. by the King of Prussia in person. In his speech he intimates that his treasury needs replenishing.

THE late severe equinoctial storm has put a stop to the water-famine, under which, for months, Philadelphia suffered.

DR. LIVINGSTONE, the African explorer, is declared to be alive and well. At last accounts he was on Lake Tanganyika, but very short of provisions.

THE Sultan of Turkey and his Khedive of Egypt are to be permitted to have their quarrel out without the interference of the "great powers."

THE "Avondale fund," for the relief of the relatives of those who lost their lives in the coal mine, has reached \$150,000.

THE old Collins steamship Adriatic, which has been lying idle at Southampton, England, for six years, is about to be converted into a sailing ship.

THERE are fears of a renewal of Indian hostilities. The aborigines of the Plains are greatly dissatisfied with the Government for cutting down their annual supplies.

A TUNNEL, under the Detroit river is proposed. The object is to connect the Great Western railway with the Michigan Central railroad, either at Windsor or Detroit.

GOLDWIN SMITH has published a letter in the *London Daily News*, in which he advocates the independence of Canada; but he is irrevocably opposed to its annexation to the United States.

At a Woman's Suffrage Convention, held in St. Louis, the other day, it was proposed, as an effective way of getting the trousers, to wage war on the Governors of States.

THE International Industrial Fair, an exhibition that mainly originated with Canadians, was opened at Buffalo, a few days since, Hon. Horace Greeley delivering the inaugural address.

A SUNKEN water cavern opened in the river near Minneapolis, Minn., on the 4th inst., and all efforts to stop its mouth have been fruitless. It is feared that the river will cut a new channel.

It is asserted that the agitation of the Land Reform in Ireland has produced excellent results already, many proprietors entering into satisfactory arrangements with their tenants.

THE autumn elections are at hand, and great interest is expressed as to the party policy which, for the next year, in the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and New York, the people will adopt.

A NEGRO, charged with an attempt to commit a rape on a white woman, was taken out of the jail at Memphis, Tenn., on the 6th inst., by a mob, and hanged.

THE people of Lima, Peru, at last accounts, were greatly excited at the possibility of their being visited, in accordance with the vaticinations of a German astronomer, with earthquakes of so tremendous a character as totally to desolate their country.

AN eyeless fish, from the Mammoth Cave, Ky., is on exhibition in New Orleans. It is described as being perfectly transparent in body, and without outer skin or scales. It is about seven inches in length.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE requests a suspension of public opinion on the Byron case until she can prepare an article in which, in letters of Lady Byron, will be repeated all that was asserted in the paper published in the *Atlantic* of September.

THE Federal Government, it is rumored, has reopened negotiations with the Republic of San Domingo for the cession of the Bay of Samana. The Johnson treaty, rejected by the Senate, expired on the 13th of October.

THE workmen of Germany recently held a meeting at Grotz, at which a unanimous protest was passed against the clergy for interfering in the business relations of laborers. The protest is addressed to the workmen of Austria.

MOSBY, the guerrilla chief, has challenged Colonel Boyd, Sheriff of Fauquier county, Va., to mortal combat. Colonel Boyd was formerly a United States army officer. Against him Mosby entertains a bitter hatred.

THE note published some days since as the diplomatic invitation of Minister Siskies to the Regency of Serrano, inviting Spain to retire from Cuba, is pronounced by the President to be "bogus," probably gotten up for stockjobbing operations.

THE Virginia Legislature completed its organization on the 6th inst., by electing Stephen H. Turner, Conservative, Speaker. Turner is an ex-rebel, and cannot take the Ironclad oath. He will put a petition before Congress, in which he will pray for a remission of his political sins.

THE Republicans are declared to be gathering in great force in the provinces of Spain. A revolution more decisive in its results than that which compelled Isabella to retreat from Madrid to Paris is impending. The peasantry of Spain are said to be all but unanimously opposed to the restoration of the monarchy.

THE clipper-ship Drendnought, on her way to San Francisco, was lost on the morning of July 4, on Cape Renas, northeast of the island of Terra del Fuogo. The crew were saved. The cargo was lost with the ship. The crew lived on shell-fish for many days, and were not rescued until the 17th of September, when they were landed at Talcahuana, Chile.

but they had driven the child beyond herself, and it was scarcely so much she, herself, who talked, as a little infuriate and desperate creature at bay.

"Oh, you profane child! what are you saying?" cried the mother. "But I will do just as you suggest, though you do not mean it. I will send for your grandfather, and your aunts and uncles and cousins, and for dear Doctor Herkimer and Bishop Van Zandt, and they shall all decide, when they see you writing with the thing, and in a white stupor beneath its influence, whether it is not a sinful and terrible amusement, a toy of Satan."

"Think it'll be safe?" laughed Rhoda, with her bitter laugh again. "Shan't I take the opportunity of telling them my opinion of them?"

"I don't imagine you will," said her mother. "You know that every one who may be there will be present as your friend, and desiring your best good. If they all think that your marriage to a man who has every probability in his favor of being chosen to the highest place in the church, so soon as our dear old bishop goes to his reward, the best thing that could happen to you, both in a spiritual and a worldly point of view, it is not as your enemies that they think so. A circumstance that will give you a position at the very head of all religious society, that will advance your family, and will assist your brothers and cousins immeasurably."

"Yes, mamma, just that."

"And save you from union with a young man who shows his entire unworthiness by the manner in which he refuses to surrender his claim upon you—"

"God bless him for it!" cried Rhoda, in a shower of tears, and longing just then to throw herself upon her mother's neck, and find some ray of sympathy. But her mother saw the longing, and avoided it; she did not dare to soften, that might ruin all, since Rhoda had such a power of wheedling, once give it field for exercise. But Rhoda was not blind, and instead of abandoning herself to embraces and robs, she only finished her sentence. "It would make no difference if he did surrender his claim," she cried, chokingly, but her tears shining like sparks, "for I will go to him as soon as he is ready to take me, if I have to walk through fire! And as for Doctor Herkimer, you know, mother, you know I loathe him!"

"You will go to your room, and remain there," responded her mother, angrily, at that. "You arouse every wicked passion I possess, by your contumacy. Stay there till I send for you."

Rhoda's family had, in fact, grown altogether weary of reasoning with her, and now compulsion had begun. They had fixed her wedding-day among themselves without any consultation with her; they had her trousseau under preparation; and though it is not best to say that they meant to drug her, and drag her to the altar half insensible, yet they certainly trusted that the intimidation of so public a measure would come to their aid like a reinforcement. Whether it was her refuge of amusement with Planchette that had made her grow so pale and thin and languid, so utterly dispirited, or whether it was the perpetual and petty persecution and harassment, the delayed and disappointed affection, the tedious confinements to her own room, on a diet of water-gruel—a famous Warburton punishment—the anxiety in relation to Hugh's illness, who can say? At any rate, the fact was patent enough; and so they all declared, as, not many days after the conversation recorded above, they rustled into Mrs. Rodolph's drawing-room, and seated themselves in judicial expectation, and looked at the little being so like a rose six months since, and now as blanched and etiolated as a stalk of celery.

"Let her be held up and married to the man," muttered the grandfathers to Miss Agnes, "whether she will or not; and my word for it, she will soon recover her color and regret her folly."

"Is that little trifle the thing you imagine to be sapping her strength in this way?" asked an uncle.

"Impossible," replied another; "a bit of boxwood and brass."

"It looks like an imp."

"Or the three-legged stool an imp might use to sit on."

"It is the old heathen tripod."

"We have the day of possession by evil spirits returned upon us," said one and another.

And so the talk ran on beneath the breath among all the great Warburtons assembled in family conclave, to pass judgment, possibly upon Planchette, and just as possibly, by their combined weight and magnetism, so to speak, to overawe the contumacious little rebel into the marriage they desired and she detested.

There was something, to all appearance, a little unequal in this contest. The imposing presence of the Warburtons in their rich array, their silks and diamonds, to which their massive contours and stern eyes gave rather a granitic than a silken or jeweled lustre, was a mighty front of battle to be opposed to this little girl sitting alone at the table with her tiny boxwood confederate. But Rhoda looked at them coolly, if furtively. She saw in their hard, cold faces only that quality which she had reason to recognize in them—a selfish, cruel pride, just now veiled, perhaps, by a shadow of curiosity, but there all the same, and ready to sacrifice her and Hugh and anybody else to the advancement of that idol of theirs—the family. She took courage, and set her pretty mouth, and placed her fingers on the board.

A quire of leaves of paper had been placed beneath the thing; her uncles had stationed themselves in such wise, they fancied, as to be able to detect any imposition, were one practiced; and Doctor Godfrey Herkimer was to remove each leaf so soon as it should be covered with the promised writing.

Mrs. Rodolph sat opposite her daughter, in a singular frame of mind, divided between doubt

of the deceit, and vanity of displaying Rhoda's last accomplishment, a little fear of the family verdict, a little fear of the evil spirit, and certain sensation of triumph over Mrs. Ferdinand, whose daughter, that white-faced Amy, being feeble-minded, had never been able to learn to read or write at all, and was consequently, to Mrs. Rodolph's mind, totally unable to manipulate Planchette, and who sat now with her sad, vacant face—the face of a gentle idiot—smiling at her own reflection in the glass.

All at once Planchette began to dance about the paper in a wild way, so that Rhoda's hand could scarcely follow. Every Warburton in the room bent forward intent, and drew back presently, a little disconcerted to find that Planchette was really taking no notice at all of their high mightinesses, but merely amusing herself by sketching picture after picture on the blank leaf of paper—now the likeness of an odd sort of wine-glass, one apparently engraved with some design, and having a tiny crystal snake coiled round the stem; then, drawn in mere outlines, yet perfectly recognizable, darkness was indicated, and waves of the sea just closing over a sinking weight; then, all along the leaf, two intertwining hands, and presently some random words: "In prison, and I will unlock my door—He drinks, never fear—Wait, wait for me—I come!"

What was there in such random words and such mere scrawls to make the Warburtons grow white? Mrs. Rose trembled too much to stir; Miss Agnes started to her feet. Before, however, the latter could move her lips, the husband of Rose, ignorant of any reason why the thing should not go on, had exclaimed, "Rhoda!" for Rhoda's head was drooping forward, her features were blue and sharp as those of a corpse, her eyes were half closed; and he had seized her shoulder, and had roused her from the comatose condition which she either suffered or affected.

"This is no deception," said Mr. Rodolph Warburton, coming forward and receiving Rhoda, who sprang into his arms in a burst of tears.

"Wait a minute," said the other gentleman. "It may be child's play, but as we began it, we had better finish it. If it is not deception, Amy, who does not know how to read or write, and who could never learn, and of whose infirmities you are all aware, will answer as well as Rhoda. One cannot cheat us: I do not say the other does."

And before any one could oppose his masterful movements, he had seated the simple Amy in the chair, and had placed her hand upon Planchette.

There was one instant's pause, and then, as if this personality opposed no single obstruction of will or temperament to whatever the fluid or current or force might be, Planchette ran lightly up to the top of the leaf, and commenced writing, and wrote steadily to the bottom, when, as Doctor Herkimer withdrew the page, the same thing was done with the next, and so on for a dozen pages, in a pointed running hand, like that which some bold and dashing woman might be supposed to write; and Amy's head fell forward, her lids dropped, and she seemed to be as deeply asleep as the dead, while Rhoda looked at her with eyes that now were burning like two coals.

"Now, Doctor Herkimer," said the gentleman who had made Amy the operator, the husband of Mrs. Rose, "let us hear if this is sense or nonsense." And while the Warburtons stiffened and grew cold under the sound of his voice, this is what Doctor Herkimer read:

"It is not I that did the murder—it is you. Yours was the killing, for you knew what the end must be—you knew that marriage was the knife, I but the handle of the knife; knife and handle were in your hands—you used them. For my part, I have never been troubled by a quail; I did no murder; I was in prison, where you had put me; I cut my way through the door. Because the door was flesh—flesh! flesh is to me no more sacred than oak or iron now. I had quite as lief drop the figure; the fact remains, and my guilt does not begin till yours ends. Ends! It never ends. Its consequences, throbbing after throbbing, intrude upon eternity. You Warburtons, who persecuted me, and stabbed the life nerves—"

"I—I—really—beg your pardon—I think I will not proceed—I—" stammered Doctor Herkimer.

"Go on!" cried Rhoda, so imperiously that he dared not disobey.

"Go on!" exclaimed the gentleman who had constituted himself master of the ceremonies.

"You Warburtons who drove me wild! you sisters and brothers, selfish and savage, are yet less selfish and savage than that gray-haired old man, who sits there among you—his hair was not gray on that night when he came in to me with that slender red-hot iron, and burned a spot in my flesh into the bone, till I gave the promise he required. A bandage hid the wounded arm next day, a ribbon, a broad bracelet, but, ah! what parental caress was that?"

"I never did!" cried the grandfathers, bolt upright.

"Go on!" cried Rhoda. "Parental caress was that—"

"That old man has changed since then; convicted of his sins, he has seen a place of torment so near that he knows how hot iron burns as well as I do, for as it has tortured my flesh, so it has seared his spirit. He has repented that dark bridal in tears of blood! Let him—let him repent! I will never forgive—I will accuse him to heaven forever, for he made me what I am! I was a thing of sensitive being, of delicate limb, too weak to withstand your stings, your taunts, your buffets, and your red-hot irons. Then, you fools, though you locked the door and set the jailer, did you suppose that I would stay bound? Ask that dark night at sea, when a pinch of white

dust in his wine laid the man low, and crew and captain made haste to rid the ship of the dead they deemed dead with cholera, to give a secret to the sea that never betrays such secrets. Then, oh! my love, I was thine! Spread, spread, white sails! blow, wind, and follow, sea! I speed, I speed to his dear arms! They hold me, they embrace me; I flee in them from church and state and scolding eyes to the tropic island sphered in summer seas, and months and years of bliss, in which I forget you all—you Warburtons—and know only the splendid eyes, the smile, feel only the kisses, hear only the burden of love in that voice! What care I for the tinsure? But for you it would never have been there; it were you who made Grosvenor give him to the church when you feared lest I should love him. No, I cared for nothing; I gave the world the go-by; I lived in him and in the blissful weather which he breathed beside me. One day he breathed it no more. Had he bathed, and had some monster of the tropic deep risen and dragged him down? had he slipped and fallen through some volcanic cleft, hidden by masses of blossom? had his church at length put forth her unseen, silent hand and drawn him in? I never knew. I was alone, constantly and forever alone. The sun was too bright to bear; it maddened me; I said that I would follow him; I am here. But here he is not. He lies in a monk's cell, face down on the stone floor, clasping a crucifix; he is stretched all night on the icy marble before the great altar, his back scourged by his own hands with bleeding knots; he is repenting, he is expiating, he is parted from me by loathing of the old sweet guilt, by prayer and hope, and the love that he has learned for a heaven—oh, shall it be a heaven barred to me forever? He is divided from me; he is held away by all those invisible and terrible hands, each prayer of his a further separation. And it is you, you Warburtons, who have wrought my woe. I am in hell, and I curse you. GRATIANA."

There was the silence of the grave in the room when Doctor Herkimer laid down the last leaf. Every face of the Warburtons was livid; they could not have denied the thing had they tried; they could not try, for every tongue was tied, every mouth was parched, every lip was sealed, when suddenly, like the breaking of a chain, there was a hoarse cry from the patriarch, an extended finger, and they all turned, with eyes bent upon Amy, to see the pale face of the dim-eyed, idiotic girl disappear in a sort of light, to the surface of which there seemed to swim the semblance of another face—a dark rich face, with shadowy hair dropping round it, with a red rose on the cheek, into whose curve melted the corner of the dimple-set mouth, with eyes of soft, darkling lustre.

"It is she! It is Gratiana!" cried Agnes, beside herself, and wringing her hands; "I heated the iron for him!" And with the sound the smile deserted the mouth, the softness fled from the eye, scorn curled the lip, a fiery arrow shot from the glance, a venom of hate writhed, like a snake, itself across the beautiful, angry face, and then there was nothing there but a dazzle, and presently the pale countenance of the dim-eyed Amy, wondering at all the coil about her, and with a worse confusion in her feeble mind than ever. And by that time Miss Agnes was stiff in an hysterical, which nobody could spare time or thought from the general bewilderment to heed.

"Who and what are you?" thundered Mr. Warburton.

The little machine, that had stood so quietly on the table since it ceased writing, suddenly lifted itself and brought its pencil down with force, as if one stamped a foot in glee upon the floor; it rolled a moment from side to side, like a body shaken with uncontrollable laughter, and then it ran and wrote, as one who writes breathlessly:

"I am the devil!"

Mr. Warburton strode across the room, and seized the thing, and dashed it into the middle of the blazing wood-fire, and drew the hot coals over it; there came a crackle and a shower of sparks, and one great flame swept up the chimney and into the limitless outer air. Mrs. Rose had fainted.

"Bishop Herkimer," said the old man, still holding himself head of the family, and addressing the doctor by the title which best expressed what he had been to them, "you can no longer wish to enter a house whose secrets, and such secrets, are now exposed to you. No expostulation, I beg. The affair ends here. And as for you, child, tampering with profane hands, what manner of thing is this attachment to your cousin, when one who proclaims himself to be the Prince of the Powers of the Air comes to aid you there? One tragedy shall be enough for us; it has cost us too dear, humbled us too low; you shall not be driven into any marriage as that wretched woman was, but—"

Rhoda did not hesitate, though her heart beat and her very forehead flamed.

"What manner of thing?" she cried. "A holy thing. No bargain of flesh and blood for a bishopric, no sale of a soul, but a good and honest affection for a man whom I mean to marry if he lives long enough to take me." And though at that point she stopped, dissolved in tears, she afterward kept her word. And I do not believe she will ever regret the blow she gave to the pride of the Warburtons.

FINGER-RINGS.—It is in the oldest of histories, the book of Moses, that we find the earliest records of the use of the finger-ring. It originally appears to have been a signet, used as we now use a written autograph; and it is not a little curious that the unchanged habit of Eastern life renders the custom as common now as it was three thousand years ago. When Tamar desired some certain token by which she should again recognize Judah, she made her first request for his signet, and when the time of recognition arrived, it was duly and undoubtedly acknowledged by all.

MY PET BIRDS OF THE SEASONS.

WHEN thick the snow lies on the ground,
And in the wind the poplar shakes,
When winter from each bush and tree
The last of autumn's berries takes—
My Robin, for his morning meal,
Down to my window blithely flits;
He picks the crumbs, then sings his thanks,
As near me in the hedge he sits.

When in the spring the smoking team
Goes slowly o'er the red plowed land,
And far, in golden showers, the seed
Is scatter'd from the sower's hand;
Then, bounding up on quivering wings,
That shake with joy, my Lark springs high,
And, wandering far in sunny air,
Sings loud between the earth and sky.

When, hot no more, the summer's Sun
Is sinking slowly to his rest,
And crimson bars are cross'd with shafts
Of gold that rise above the west,
I cross the fields, I cross the brook,
And there, in the still evening air,
My Mavis sings so sweet, I think
'Tis half a song and half a prayer.

When the first autumn wind has blown—
When the last reaper leaves the fields—
When all the land is bare, but full
Are all our barns with what it yields,
A silence falls upon the groves,
And, with its note so low and long,
My Blackbird in the garden sings
A farewell to the year of song.

THE GHOST DREAM.

GOLDEN sunbeams darc'd through the trees,
Throwing flickering shadows on the smooth
greensward. The west wind breathed gently
its cooling breath, and the happy birds twit-
tered in their leafy coverts.

The fitful sound of music and the hum of gay
young voices floated out of the open window of
Eaton Villa.

A slight girlish form parted the sweeping
curtains, and flitted out upon the broad ver-
anda. A happy smile lighted up her fair face.
She leaned against the vine-wreathed balu-
strades in a pensive attitude, toying with the
drooping flowers of the tangled vine. With a
far-off look in her eyes, she weaved in fancy's
loom golden dreams of the future.

A face of manly mold, with earnest black
eyes, graced by heavy curling whiskers and
neatly-trimmed mustache, glanced out at the
graceful little figure, and, with a loving look
on his handsome face, joined her.

"How now, dear Maud; are you wearied
with the gay chattering of the lively group
within?"

"No, Guy; but I like to steal away and in-
dulse in my own thoughts sometimes."

"Castle-building, eh? I hope you give me a
prominent position in your airy dwelling?"

She gave a happy little laugh.

"Never fear, sir, but what you will get all
you deserve."

"And more, dear," he answered, "if fate re-
serves for me this dear hand."

"Maud, Maud, where are you?" shouted a
ringing, merry voice. "Oh, there you are,
and according to the fitness of things, your
shadow beside you. Come in here, both of
you, if you can condescend to the realities of
the mundane sphere, and give us the benefit
of your sage counsel."

And the laughing, piquant face of Maggie
Eaton, Maud's younger sister, disappeared be-
hind the curtains.

Passing into the room, Maud and her com-
panion, Guy Halifax, were saluted with a host
of queries and exclamations.

"Oh, don't consent to such a hair-brained
scheme," said timid May Lee, in a pleading
voice.

"Oh, yes, do, Maud. Guy will, I know. It
will be gay sport to chase spectres at mid-
night," chimed in the spirited voice of Maggie.

"Oh, Maggie, how can you jest so?" said
Fannie Gamble. "If you found yourself in the
presence of a bona-fide ghost, you would run
from it, instead of after it."

"What is it all about?" asked Guy Halifax,
gazing in astonishment at the excited group
before him.

"Why, just this," answered Robert Norman,
constituting himself spokesman for the party;
"we were discussing ghosts and kindred sub-
jects, when that madcap Maggie," casting an ad-
miring glance at her saucy face, "rehearsed
for our benefit the story of the Leslie haunted
house, and concluded with the audacious pro-
posal that the entire party should spend the
night there, and engage in the exciting pastime
of chasing spirits."

Guy laughed, and said:

"Well, in my opinion, she would have a long
watch, and no game."

"That's my opinion, too," said Robert; "but
some of the ladies are frightened at the idea,
and disavow all desire to try the experiment."

"Shame on them," said Maggie, "for show-
ing the white feather. I'm determined to go,
if I go alone."

"Oh, dreadful! shocking!" chorused a half-
dozen female voices.

"What do you say, Maud?" said Maggie, no-
thing daunted. "You're not afraid, I know."

"No, indeed; I am no believer in ghosts or
haunted houses, and yet I think it a foolish tax
upon the nerves to stay in that gloomy, tumble-
down house all night."

"Nerves! Pahaw, I haven't any such trouble-
some things about me, and if you are all such
cowards, why, I'll go alone."

"If you are determined to go, Maggie, why,
I will accompany you," said Robert Norman,
who was her accepted lover, "and see that the
ghosts do not spirit you away."

Here followed an animated discussion upon
the propriety and safety of the scheme; but,

Maggie persisting in her determination, they all finally agreed to the proposed visit.

Mrs. Eaton offered some feeble resistance to the proposed plan, but her husband said:

"Let the young folks have their own way. There's naught there to harm them."

So Mrs. Eaton made no further objections, but, ever thoughtful for the comfort of her guests, dispatched some servants immediately—for they could not be persuaded to approach the house after dark—with refreshments, blankets and materials for light and fire.

The Leslie mansion was not far from Eaton Villa. The evening was bright and cloudless, and the gay party started off about nine o'clock, with laugh and jest, to walk to its haunted precincts.

"Here, Guy," shouted Mr. Eaton, as they started down the garden walk, "take this with you," handing him a loaded pistol.

They walked blithely on, and soon stood before the deserted dwelling. It loomed up gloomy and repellent upon their gaze. The weird moonlight streamed through the dusky trees and matted vines that encompassed it, making misty, creeping shadows as the leaves fluttered in the sighing breeze. The gaping windows, with their broken panes, seemed backed by a thick, impenetrable darkness. The quick rush of frightened birds, and the hooting of a disturbed owl, fell ominous on their ears. The light jest and gay song died away, and all felt oppressed with a nameless fear.

The great door, as it yielded to their touch, creaked dismally upon its rusty hinges, and the firm tread of Guy, who had volunteered to precede them and strike a light, resounded hollow through the dismantled hall.

The familiar sputter of a match, and the faint glimmer of a candle, however, restored their faltering courage. Soon a cheery fire of blazing logs crackled defiantly in the open chimney, and under the influence of light and heat their recreant gaiety soon returned.

They drew forward two moth-eaten couches that stood grimly against the moldy wall, and covered them with the blankets which Mrs. Eaton's care had provided. A time-stained, forbidding-looking table, too, was drawn out of its obscure corner, and made the receptacle for the contents of two plethora-looking hampers.

"What a novel affair," laughed Maggie. "A midnight picnic in an enchanted house, with any quantity of ghosts expected to assist in the consumption of the good things."

"Oh, Maggie!" exclaimed Maud, "you're not orthodox; ghosts don't eat."

"Don't they, though? then it is because they don't get the chance. If I only see one I'll ask him to eat, and you see if he refuses."

"He!" laughed Robert, mischievously. "You seem to imagine that all the spirits are of the masculine gender."

"Oh, I'll leave all the females to you. You are wondrous fond of them, you know."

"Only one, *ma chère*," he whispered, stooping to cut a knot that defied her deft little fingers.

While the ladies were busy arranging everything at their command in the most comfortable manner, two of the gentlemen explored the rest of the house, but soon returned, saying that they had discovered nothing but dirt and cobwebs.

They gathered around the table, and discussed the tempting viands.

Song, gay repartee, and lively chit-chat passed the hastening hours.

Midnight! The very word brought with it a shuddering fear. The ladies ceased their flip-pant chat, and cast nervous glances over their shoulders. Even the bolder masculine souls grew more quiet and less boastful.

The moments flew on, and no ghost was seen or heard. Weary eyes, in spite of their fear, grew dull, and sleepily closed. Sudden visions, rattling of detached plaster, creaking of loose timbers, or the melancholy chirp of some bird disturbed in its slumber, would start the listless forms, and open the sleepy eyes in luminous fear; but gradually nature overcame their sleepy watchfulness, and all except Guy were closely locked in the arms of Morpheus.

Guy glanced round him with a smile. The curly head of the intrepid Maggie rested on the shoulder of Robert Norman, where he had placed it, apprehensive of speedy dislocation of her neck for her violent nods, as she succumbed to her weariness. The other ladies were on the couches in comatose attitudes, while the gentlemen reclined on chairs, or in half-reclining positions on the floor.

Maud, sweet Maud! his gaze lingered lovingly on her dear face. She reclined in the cumbersome arm-chair opposite him. One rounded cheek pressed the crimson shawl which he had spread over the dusty, moth-eaten cover. Her dark ringlets, picturesquely disheveled, clustered in rippling confusion about her face; her white dimpled hands clasped negligently in her lap. A sweet picture she made; the flickering shadows from the ruddy firelight stealing over her. Guy's heart throbbed with excess of love as he gazed.

But gradually the silence grew irksome, almost insupportable. Extremely weary, his eyelids heavy with sleep, yet anxious forebodings chased away his desire for rest. A sharp sense of coming evil had haunted him during the evening, and it now returned with overwhelming force; and he determined not to yield to drowsiness, but watch and wait.

Time dragged heavily along. Guy, with his head resting wearily upon his hand, was dreamily meditating.

A slight noise aroused him from his reverie. Raising his eyes, he beheld, to his dismay, a phantom crowd glide in from the unopened door. He gazed with mingled awe and wonder, and a thrill of fear and a sense of icy coldness swept over him. The outlines of the shapes were dim, and faded into nothingness; they seemed to sway and hover in the air. They were all skeletons, and their jaws grinned

sardonically, and an intense, unearthly light shone from their empty eye-sockets.

They took no notice of the unconscious sleepers, but turned their fleshless faces toward Guy. He felt their baleful glances, and his blood chilled with horror. They pointed their bony fingers at him, and gesticulated angrily, as if incensed at his presence.

Finally one more hideous-looking than any of the rest glided menacingly toward him, his bones clattering as he approached.

Palsied with horror, Guy remained motionless. Not until he felt its cold deathly grip around his throat did he rouse from his lethargy. Shaking off the grinning horror with a desperate effort, he seized the pistol before him, and discharged it at his grisly foe.

The sharp report ran echoing through the house. Every one started to their feet; the ladies in abject terror, and the men in wondering consternation.

Guy glanced bewildered about him. The phantoms had fled, but—oh, horror!—Maud Eaton, his dear betrothed, lay weltering in her life's blood.

He had shot her in a hideous dream, and paralyzed with horror and remorse, he sank insensible to the floor.

The fearful realization of the awful tragedy before them burst upon the bewildered senses of the awe-stricken party. They gathered, mute and unnerved, around the prostrate forms of the victim and her unwitting murderer.

The red rays of the morning sun trembled in the east, and flushed the dull gray sky with rosy light. Out of the grim portals of the ill-fated house shudderingly passed the returning party. Two rough litters had been hastily constructed, upon which reposed the lifeless body of the hapless Maud and the still unconscious form of poor Guy. Maggie walked beside her slain sister, with a dazed expression in her dark eyes, remorsefully murmuring:

"It is my sin! it is my sin!"

As they neared the house, Robert Norman hastened forward to break the dreadful news to the unsuspecting parents. At the sight of the gory form of Maud, and the ghastly features of Guy, Mrs. Eaton sank helpless to the floor.

The guests, aided by the weeping servants, set about their mournful tasks. They carried Guy's prostrate form to a bed-chamber, and sent for a physician to attend him. They applied restoratives to the poor heartbroken mother, and tenderly and pityingly prepared Maud for the grave.

It seemed a dream!—so young, so full of hope! Oh, cruel fate! couldst thou not have stolen the sweet young life in a less fearful way?—but to fall by the hand of the one she loved so well, ay, one who would have given his own heart's blood to have spared her one fleeting pang of sorrow!

When Guy arose from his bed, a shattered, brokenhearted man, the wintry snows were heaped high above Maud's dreamless bed. A few years of restless wanderings, his hair blanched, and his face wrinkled with bitter grief and gnawing remorse; a lone journey to the grave of his murdered betrothed, a gasping cry for forgiveness, and the worn and weary victim of a cruel fate was stretched cold and lifeless on the damp sod.

THE EQUINOCTIAL STORM AND FLOOD.

THE gale and rain that accompanied the autumnal equinox of this year were of unusual severity. In some parts of the country the rain fell continuously for more than thirty hours, and the streams were filled with so large a quantity of water that the usual channels were not equal to their drainage. Hundreds of square miles of land, usually dry, were deeply flooded; many mills and dams were carried away; houses were torn from their foundations, and their occupants were taken away in boats, and in several instances, were drowned before help could reach them. In some places cattle, sheep, hay-stacks, wagons, and a hundred other things, were floating in the water, and drifting down toward the sea. The damage by the flood was enormous, and as far as the reports indicate, it will prove greater than in any previous occurrence of the kind in the country's history. The Atlantic slope suffered most, and from the eastern frontier of Maine to the banks of the Potomac there was hardly a valley, large or small, that escaped. The lumber regions of Maine lost heavily by the breaking of the booms, and the disappearance of the logs that awaited the saw-mills. The Schuylkill and the Hudson were higher than ever known before. The flood of 1869 will long be remembered.

In Philadelphia and vicinity the flood was particularly disastrous. The water in the Schuylkill river rose above all the wharves below Market street, and extended from Twenty-fourth street, east side, to Thirty-fifth street, on the west side of the river. The river itself presented an indescribable scene, parts of houses, canal-boats, cattle-pens, large tanks, barrels, furniture, etc., all jammed together with rafters, boards and large timber. On Twenty-third street all the houses were flooded from Market street to Callow-hill, as well as all the property between that and the river. In many of the houses the occupants had to be taken out in boats. At the Gas Works the water submerged the retorts, causing great damage.

The trestle-work leading to the bridge across the Schuylkill, below South street, was carried away. It belonged to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and connected the main track with the freight depot on the Delaware river at Washington street. During the height of the flood, the vicinity of Vine and Twenty-third streets was the scene of unusual excitement. The water rushed in the horse-cars, and several parties were seen running over the water in row-boats. The covered bridge at Manayunk was struck by a canal-boat, and rendered a complete wreck. Two boys were drowned while springing from the boat to the bridge a moment before the collision.

The damage in all parts of Connecticut was heavy. At South Manchester a large reservoir broke away, carrying off a portion of H. E. Rogers's paper mill and the dams of the Globe Mill Company. The silk factory of Cheney Brothers was flooded, the paper mills of L. Bunce & Son were destroyed, and the machine shops of S. Loomis were swept away.

The water at Albany rushed over the docks, flooding cellars and basements, and playing havoc with merchandise at the depots and steamboat landings.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF NATURE.

THE charts of the world, writes Ruskin, which have been drawn up by modern science have thrown into a narrow space the vast amount of knowledge, but I have never seen any pictorial enough to enable the spectator to imagine the kind of contrast in physical character that exists between northern and southern countries. We know the differences in detail, but we have not that broad glance and grasp which would enable us to feel them in their fullness. We know that gentians grow on the Alps, and olives on the Apennines; but we do not enough conceive for ourselves that variegated mosaic of the world's surface which a bird sees in his migration—that difference between the district of the gentian which the stork and the swallow see far off, as they lean upon the sirocco wind. Let us for a moment try to raise ourselves even above the level of their sight, and imagine the Mediterranean lying beneath us like an irregular lake, and all its ancient promontories sleeping in the sun; here and there an angry spot of thunder, a gray stain of storm, moving upon the burning field, and here and there a fixed wreath of white volcano smoke, surrounded by its circle of ashes, but for the most part a great peacefulness of light. Syria and Greece, Italy and Spain, laid like pieces of golden pavement into the sea-blue, chased, as we stoop nearer to them, with bosswork of mountain chains, and glowing softly with terraced gardens, and flowers heavy with frankincense, mixed among masses of laurel, and orange, and plummy palm, that abate with their gray-green shadows the burning of the marble rocks, and of the ledges of porphyry sloping under lucid sand. Then let us pass further toward the north, until we see the orient colors change gradually into a vast belt of rainy green, where the pastures of Switzerland, and poplar valleys of France, and dark forests of the Danube and Carpathians stretch from the mouths of the Loire to those of the Volga, seen through clefts in gray swirls of rain-cloud, and sky falls of the mist of the brooks, spreading low among the pasture lands; and then, further north still, to see the earth heave into mighty masses of leaden rock and healthy moor, bordering with a broad waste of gloomy purple that belt of wood, and splintering into irregular and grisly islands, amidst the northern seas, beaten by storm and chilled by ice-drift, and tormented by furious pulses of contending tide, until the roots from the last forest fall from among the hill ravines, and the hunger of the north wind bites their peaks into barrenness; and, at last, the wall of ice, durable like iron, sets, death-like, its white teeth against us out of the polar twilight. And having once traversed in thought this gradation of the zoned iris of the earth, in all its material vastness, let us go down nearer to it, and watch the parallel change in the belt of animal life; the multitudes of swift and brilliant creatures that glance in the air and sea, or tread the sand of the southern zone; striped zebras and spotted leopards, glistening serpents and birds arrayed in purple and scarlet. Let us contrast their delicacy and brilliancy and swiftness of motion with the frost-cramped strength, and shaggy covering, and dusky plumage of the northern tribes; contrast the Arabian horse with the Shetland, the tiger and leopard with the wolf and bear, the antelope with the elk, the bird of Paradise with the osprey, and then, submissively acknowledging the great laws by which the earth and all that it bears are ruled throughout their being, let us not condemn, but rejoice in the expression by man of his own rest, in the statutes of the land which gave him birth. Let us watch him with reverence as he sets aside by the side the burning gems, and smooths with soft sculpture the Jasper pillars that are to reflect a ceaseless sunshine, and rise into a cloudless sky; but not with less reverence let us stand by him, when, with rough strength and hurried stroke, he smites an uncouth animation out of the rocks which he has torn from among the moss of the moorland, and heaves into the darkened air the pile of iron buttress and rugged wall; instinct with work of an imagination as wild and wayward as the northern sea; creations of ungainly shape and rigid limb, but full of wolfish life; fierce as the winds that beat, and changeless as the clouds that change them.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

It is related of a merchant that, wishing to celebrate his daughter's wedding, he collected a party of her young companions. They circled round her, wishing much happiness to the youthful bride and her chosen one. Her father gazed proudly on his lovely child, and hoped that as bright prospects for the future might open for the rest of his children who were playing among the guests. Passing through the hall of the basement, he met a servant who was carrying a lighted candle in her hand, without the candlestick. He blamed her for such conduct, and went into the kitchen to see about the supper. The girl soon returned, but without the candle. The merchant immediately recollected that several barrels of gunpowder had been placed in the cellar during the day, and that one had been opened.

"Where is your candle?" he inquired, in the utmost alarm.

"I couldn't bring it up with me, for my arms are full of wood," said the girl.

"Where did you put it?"

"Well, I'd no candlestick, so I stuck it in some black sand that's in the small barrel."

Her master dashed down the stairs. The passage was long and dark; his knees threatened to give way under him; his breath was choked; his throat seemed dry and parched, as if he already felt the suffocating blast of death. At the end of the cellar, under the very room where his children and their friends were reveling in felicity, he saw the open barrel of powder, full to the top—the candle stuck loosely in the grains, with a long, red snuff of burnt wick. This sight seemed to wither all his powers. The laughter of the company struck upon his ear like the knell of death. He stood a moment, unable to move. The music commenced above, the feet of the dancers responding with vivacity; the floor shook, and the loose bottles in the cellar jingled with the motion. He fancied the candle moved—was falling. With desperate energy he sprang forward; but how to remove it—the slightest touch would cause the red wick to fall into the powder. With unequalled presence of mind, he placed a hand on each side of the candle, with the open palms upright, and the fingers pointed toward the object of his care, which, as his hands met, was secured in the clasping of his fingers, and safely moved away from its dangerous position. When he reached the head of the stairs, he smiled at his previous alarm; but the reaction was too powerful, and he fell into fits of the most violent laughter. He was conveyed to his bed senseless, and many weeks elapsed ere his nerves recovered sufficient tone to allow him to resume his business.

TAKING IT EASY.—Sir George Staunton visited a man in India who had committed a murder; and in order not only to save his life, but what was of much more consequence, his *caste*, he submitted to the penalty imposed; this was to sleep seven years on a bedstead without any mattress, the whole surface of which was studded with points of iron, resembling nails, but not so sharp as to penetrate the flesh. Sir George saw him in the fifth year of his probation, and his skin was then like the hide of a rhinoceros, but more callous. At that time, however, he could sleep comfortably on his "bed of thorns," and remarked that at the expiration of the term of his sentence he should most probably continue that system from choice, which he had been obliged to adopt from necessity.

NEWS BRIEVITIES.

A GEOLOGICAL SURVEY of the State of Georgia has been undertaken.

TICKETS for the Boston Coliseum Raffle are selling rapidly throughout New England.

A PLOT to burn down the city of Panama, for purposes of plunder, has been discovered.

MADIRA wine, it is reported, will be abundant and good this year.

SENATOR BROWNLOW, of Tennessee, is very ill, and it is said is likely to die.

A MOVEMENT to encourage emigration to California is in progress.

THE town of Westfield, Mass., entered its third century on the 6th of October.

THE National Irish Emigration Committee met in convention at St. Louis on the 6th inst.

THE Legislature of Tennessee is organized, and ready for the transaction of business.

THE shipbuilding yards at Bordeaux, France, were destroyed on the 6th of October by fire.

THERE is a small revolution on the *tapas* in Mexico. As yet it is not considered very serious.

TWO MILLIONS of dollars worth of property is said to have been destroyed on the Schuylkill, near Philadelphia, by the great freshet of the 4th inst.

THE worms have been committing great havoc in Michigan; large numbers of trees have been denuded of their leaves.

THE German Diet was opened on the 6th inst. by the King of Prussia in person. In his speech he intimates that his treasury needs replenishing.

THE late severe equinoctial storm has put a stop to the water-famine, under which, for months, Philadelphia suffered.

DR. LIVINGSTONE, the African explorer, is declared to be alive and well. At last accounts he was on Lake Tanganyika, but very short of provisions.

THE Sultan of Turkey and his Khedive of Egypt are to be permitted to have their quarrel out without the interference of the "great powers."

THE "Avondale fund" for the relief of the relatives of those who lost their lives in the coal mine, has reached \$150,000.

THE old Collins steamship Adriatic, which has been lying idle at Southampton, England, for six years, is about to be converted into a sailing ship.

THERE are fears of a renewal of Indian hostilities. The aborigines of the Plains are greatly dissatisfied with the Government for cutting down their annual supplies.

A TUNNEL under the Detroit river is proposed. The object is to connect the Great Western railway with the Michigan Central railroad, either at Windsor or Detroit.

GOLDWIN SMITH has published a letter in the *London Daily News*, in which he advocates the independence of Canada; but he is irretrievably opposed to its annexation to the United States.

At a Woman's Suffrage Convention, held in St. Louis, the other day, it was proposed, as an effective way of getting the trousers, to wage war on the Governors of States.

THE International Industrial Fair, an exhibition that mainly originated with Canadians, was opened at Buffalo, a few days since, Hon. Horace Greeley delivering the inaugural address.

A SUNKEN water cavern opened in the river near Minneapolis, Minn., on the 4th inst., and all efforts to stop its mouth have been fruitless. It is feared that the river will cut a new channel.

It is asserted that the agitation of Land Reform in Ireland has produced excellent effects already, many proprietors entering into satisfactory arrangements with their tenants.

THE autumn elections are at hand, and great interest is expressed as to the party policy which, for the next year, in the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and New York, the people will adopt.

A NEGRO, charged with an attempt to commit a rape on a white woman, was taken out of the jail at Memphis, Tenn., on the 6th inst., by a mob, and hanged.

THE people of Lima, Peru, at last accounts, were greatly excited at the possibility of their being visited, in accordance with the vaticinations of a German astronomer, with earthquakes of so tremendous a character as totally to desolate their country.

AN eyeless fish, from the Mammoth Cave, Ky., is on exhibition in New Orleans. It is described as being perfectly transparent in body, and without outer skin or scales. It is about seven inches in length.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE requests a suspension of public opinion on the Byron case until she can prepare an article in which, in letters of Lady Byron, will be repeated all that was asserted in the paper published in the *Atlantic* of September.

THE Federal Government, it is rumored, has reopened negotiations with the Republic of San Domingo for the cession of the Bay of Samana. The Johnson treaty, rejected by the Senate, expired on the 15th of October.

THE workmen of Germany recently held a meeting at Grotz, at which a unanimous protest was passed against the clergy for interfering in the business relations of laborers. The protest is addressed to the workmen of Austria.

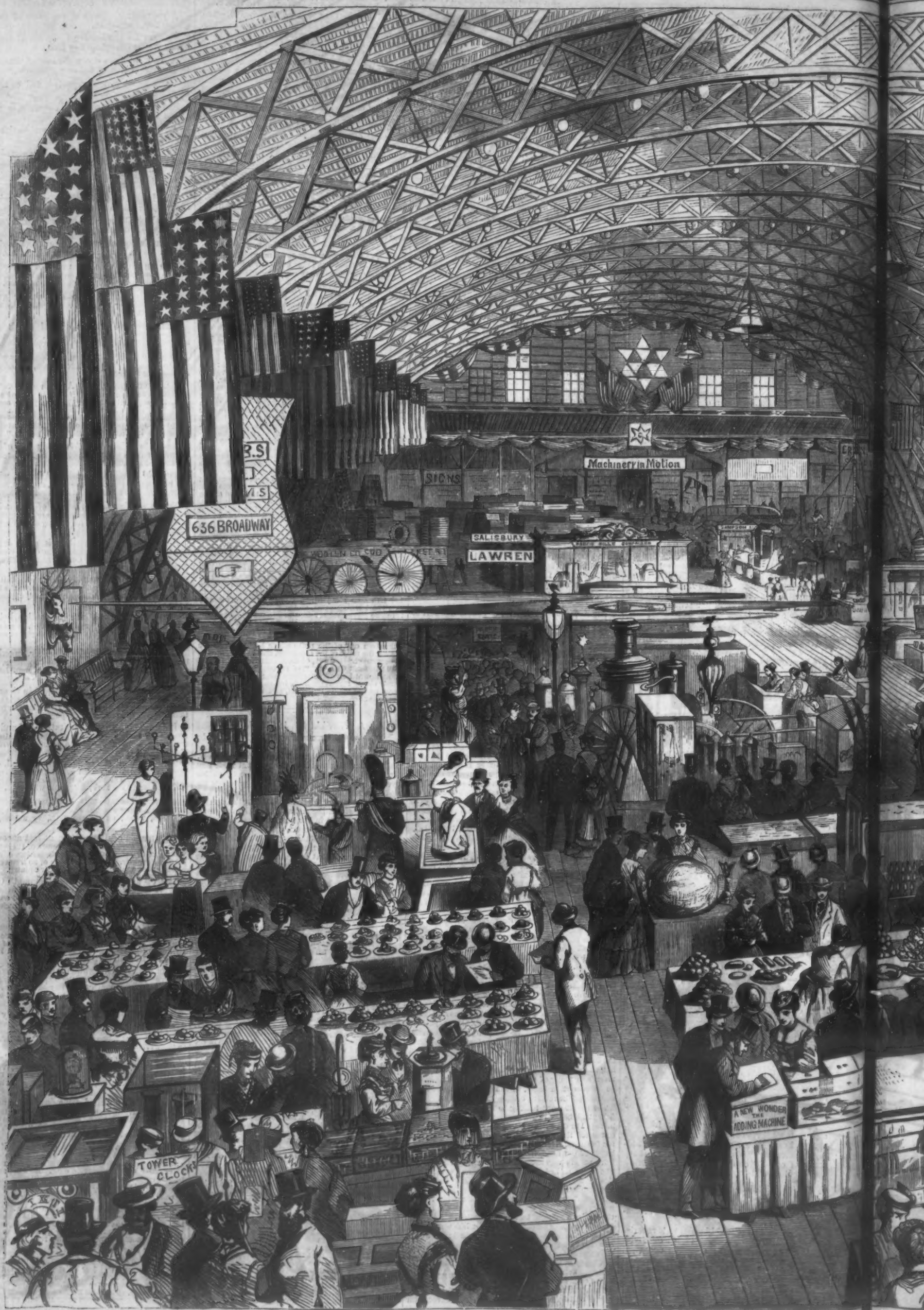
MOSBY, the guerrilla chief, has challenged Colonel Boyd, Sheriff of Fauquier county, Va., to mortal combat. Colonel Boyd was formerly a United States army officer. Against him Mosby entertains a bitter hatred.

THE note published some days since as the diplomatic invitation of Minister Siskies to the Regency of Serrano, inviting Spain to retire from Cuba, is pronounced by the President to be "bogus," probably gotten up for stockjobbing operations.

THE Virginia Legislature completed its organization on the 6th inst., by electing Stepheniah Turner, Conservative, Speaker. Turner is an ex-rebel, and cannot take the ironclad oath. He will put a petition before Congress, in which he will pray for a remission of his political sins.

THE Republicans are declared to be gathering in great force in the provinces of Spain. A revolution more decisive in its results than that which compelled Isabella to retreat from Madrid to Paris is impending. The peasantry of Spain are said to be all but unanimously opposed to the restitution of the monarchy.

THE clipper-ship Dreadnought, on her way to San Francisco, was lost on the morning of July 4, on Cape Renas, northeast of the island of Terra del Fuego. The crew were saved. The cargo was lost with the ship. The crew lived on shell-fish for many days, and were not rescued until the 17th of September, when they were landed at Talcahuana, Chile.



THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE FAIR OF 1869—SCENE IN THE CRISTAL PALACE



THE DEATH-BED LUTE.

SHE lay in her last serene repose,
But I was sadder than death;
A sound from the window-sill arose,
With the jasmine's odorous breath.

For her lute by the window-sill was laid,
And the breeze forgot its balm,
As it fondly lingered, and sung, and played
A dreary, desolate psalm.

Then I said to my friend, "Remove the lute,
For silence is better to bear;"
Then he took the lute, and laid it down
On the bed—by her golden hair!

Then we prayed alone, and together wept—
But my sorrow was more within—
Till wearied much, a little we slept,
Thinking that little a sin.

Was it a dream's elysian tone
That brought us music again?
Or was it one of her angel-loves,
Seeking the buried strain?
Yet adding so much of heaven thereto
That we knew it not again.

For we heard in the pauses of our sleep
Such marvelous measures of sound;
Euphonious waves of impassioned leap,
Soft pattering spray around—
Falling on eyelids, making us weep
In a wonder of worship profound!

Dear angel of life, and more in death,
At least we know of thee
That music breathed in thy living breath,
And blends with thy memory.

The Hidden Treasure.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.—(CONTINUED).

THE following morning there was a look of dejection upon the face of Judge Woodland, as he took his seat at the breakfast-table, which occasioned the anxious inquiry of his daughter. "I had a curious dream last night," said he. "But you don't believe in dreams, father?" "Of course not; but this was so strange, so vivid that I cannot get it out of my head. It awoke me in the night, and made me uneasy, and then when I dropped asleep I had the same vision directly over again."

"What was it about?" ventured the daughter. "Fred Weldon," Florence started and turned slightly pale, which the parent did not notice. "I suppose it came from what Smith said last evening—"

"Was he here?" interrupted his daughter. "Yes; didn't you know it?" returned the parent, looking up in some surprise. "He was here only a few minutes, and naturally we fell to speaking of young Weldon and his curious fate, and I suppose the thoughts came to the surface again when I was unconscious."

"But I haven't heard your dream." "I thought it was a clear moonlight night, and I saw a young man walk rapidly along the railroad from Brampton toward the High Bridge, which you know is over that little stream that is called Devil's Creek. One look at him showed that it was Fred Weldon, and that he was hurrying over the railroad as though he were late in keeping some appointment. I saw his face as plainly as I see yours this instant, and noticed that it appeared slightly pale in the moonlight."

"I watched him until he had reached the High Bridge, and then I noticed that he was walking between two men, who had come up beside him like phantoms, although where from it was impossible to imagine. You know, my dear, that the sensation of wonder is never experienced in dreams. No matter how absurd and grotesque everything is, yet in dream-land we always take it as a matter of course."

"While I was looking at the trio they vanished so suddenly out of sight that I was convinced they had fallen through the bridge into the stream below."

"There was nothing extraordinary in such a dream as this, except in its being repeated with a vividness that awoke me with a start, and found me shuddering all over. I slept no more, and found it impossible to get it out of my head."

"Now," continued the judge, in his oracular way, "had I been indulging in a more substantial dinner than usual, had I been unwell, or had any remarkable circumstance happened to me yesterday, I could reasonably account for this curious freak of sleep. However, I am so firmly convinced of the meaningless nature of dreams, that the most that I can say is, that this was curious."

There was a silence for a few minutes, during which Florence displayed some emotion, broken finally by her remark:

"I had a dream also."

"Very natural."

"But this was something like yours."

"Ah! about Fred Weldon?" asked the father, looking at her in surprise.

"Yes—about him."

"What was it?"

"It seems to me rather like a continuation of your dream. I know the vicinity of the High Bridge and the stream very well, for we frequently went nutting there when I was a child, and I remember the old chestnut which Fred Weldon used to climb to the very top, and whip the branches off for us."

"Well, I saw three men walking through that ravine. Two of them were bending down and carrying a third with them, and as the moon shone on the face of this man, I saw that it was Fred Weldon's, pale, with the eyes shut,

and there was blood on the forehead. Oh, it was terrible!" exclaimed the girl, shuddering and placing her hands over her face, as if to shut out the sight.

"Strange!" remarked the judge, in an undertone, as if speaking to himself, but looking perplexedly at his daughter.

The latter overcame her emotion in a few moments, and then said:

"One of the men carrying him was tall, and his back was toward me, so that I could not see his face, but I knew that it was the Cuban Almanaz—"

"There, by heaven!" exclaimed the old man, slamming his teacup down upon the table, "that's just what I saw, but I didn't think it was worth while to say it. Pretty soon they will begin to talk about me as they did about Judge Edmonds, of New York. I never had such an experience in my life."

Both were so agitated that they ate no more at the breakfast-table. They tarried long, discussing their dreams, but the father said nothing of the hope that had been awakened in his breast, less by these dreams than by the words the detective had uttered (taken in conjunction with them) the night before.

The same hope fluttered in the breast of Florence Woodland, like the struggles of a dying dove, but she gave it no expression. She felt a longing to see the clear-headed "Mr. Smith," who had called there several times, for it seemed to her that he could help her in her distressful quandary.

When Señor Almanaz was announced at the door in the afternoon she sent word that she could not see him. A half hour later she stole quietly out, and made her way to the residence of the widow Weldon.

The old lady was always glad to see her, but especially so on this occasion.

"For I dreamed of Fred last night," said she. Florence started, as if to make certain that she was not in a dream herself.

"Was it good or bad?" she asked, to divert attention from her own nervousness.

"Both; good, because it seemed to say that he was not dead, and bad, because he was so sick."

"Pray tell me all about it."

"I saw him riding through the dark streets of a city, in a close carriage, with a man on either side of him. They looked savagely and unfeelingly at him in his distress—"

"Describe the men."

"One was short, with red hair and sandy whiskers all over his face; the other was tall, with black, curly hair, black eyes, dark face and mustache—"

"There, that will do," interrupted Florence, who recognized the Cuban in this succinct description. "Tell me the rest of your dream."

"I saw him in a low, dirty room, with a doctor bending over him, looking, oh! so pale and sick that I felt like rushing to him. Can it be—can it be that my dear Fred is alive?" moaned the mother, walking the floor in her anguish.

"Calm yourself," pleaded the girl, who was scarcely less agitated. "If he is alive he will come back to you."

"You know his body has never been found," she said, turning her fearful face upon her visitor. "If he is alive he is sick, and I cannot go to him."

"He will be found if living."

"Who will find him?" demanded the parent, stopping suddenly in her walk, and looking sorrowfully at her young friend.

"Mr. Smith will never give up searching for him until he learns that he is either dead or until he finds him."

"How do you know that?"

"I know he will," was the vehement reply. "Has he not come all that he could do to befriend you? Has he not shown the greatest interest in Fred? Will he not be the most likely one to know something about him? He has left Somerville now, and I am sure it is to find out all he can of your poor boy."

Florence regretted that she had spoken these words, for they harrowed the mother to the very soul. But they could not be recalled, and she could only pray that they might eventuate in something good to her.

She did her utmost to soothe and quiet her, and had measurably succeeded when she left the house and started homeward.

The day was just ending when she left the village to walk the short distance that intervened between that and her home; but she had gone but a few yards when she heard quickening footsteps behind her, and a moment later Señor Almanaz was at her side.

The Spaniard gracefully lifted his hat, and spoke in the pure English for which he was noted.

"I am glad you have so far recovered as to be able to take an afternoon's stroll."

"I feel quite well."

"I was sorry that I was not able to see you this afternoon, as I am about to leave Somerville."

"For good?"

"Yes. I return to Cuba, from which beautiful Isle I have been absent too long."

"When do you go?"

"To-morrow morning."

"Ah, that is soon."

Florence was swayed by such a shuddering disgust for the man at her side that she could not utter any hypocritical regrets at his intended departure. She was too much relieved at the thought to allow herself to do any such thing. For while the Cuban walked beside her she saw another shadowy form bending over the prostrate figure of the widow's son.

They conversed in a rambling manner until they reached the gate of the lane leading into her father's home. At this point the Cuban hastened forward to unfasten the gate for her, and, on account of his tall figure, he was compelled to stoop somewhat in order to do so.

At that instant Florence uttered a slight scream, and covered her face with her hands.

"What is the matter?" he asked, hastening to her side.

"Nothing," she replied; "it has passed over."

As the dark, evil-looking man bent over to take the gate-fastening, it was the same figure that she had seen in her dream, and she could not avoid the faint gasping scream that escaped her at the startling repetition.

The two walked in silence up the lane until they reached the gate, which opened into the yard of the house. This was drawn open by the señor, who waited for her to pass in.

She did so, and he lingered, wishing to enter, and yet waiting for the invitation, which did not come. Looking him fully in the face, Florence said, in her quiet tones:

"Good-evening, Señor Almanaz."

"Miss Woodland—Florence, I do not understand what this means."

"It means simply that I cannot see you again. I wish you a pleasant voyage to your home again. Good-evening."

She bowed low, turned about, and walked into the house, without uttering another word, or once looking back.

Señor Alvarido Almanaz gazed after her for a few minutes, like one transfixed. He seemed unable to comprehend what had passed. Then, as it all came over him, he turned on his heel, with a muttered curse, and walked rapidly away.

Florence Woodland walked silently into the house, and went to her room. At the tea-table her father was reserved and silent, and acted in a manner which showed that something troubled him.

When the meal was finished, it came out.

"It was singular, Florence, that Almanaz should have figured in both our dreams; don't you think so?"

"I do."

"And in both so unfavorably?"

"It does seem strange."

Silence followed for a few moments, and then the father said:

"I confess I do not like him. I always had a good opinion of him, and I cannot call to mind anything that he has ever said or done that was not what it should be."

Just then Judge Woodland was not thinking of his dream, but of the words that the detective had spoken on the preceding evening.

"I do not like him. He told me a short time ago that he was to sail for Cuba to-morrow—"

"I am glad of it—"

"And he bade me good-by."

"I am gladder to hear that."

"And I was unspeakably relieved to be well rid of him."

"And that makes me gladder than all," said the father, as he rose from his seat and kissed the forehead of his cherished daughter.

PART IV.

CHAPTER I.—UNRAVELING THE WEB.

From the Journal of Florence Woodland.

SATURDAY, November —. The days come and go, with their sadness to some and their joys to others. There seems no reason why I should not be as happy as a young person, in the best of health, with the kindest and most indulgent of parents, should be.

And so I am, except that I feel for the grief of poor Mrs. Weldon, who still clings to the belief that her son is living somewhere, and is in need of her help. Poor soul! I have given up the faint hope that I once shared with her, and I pray that her Heavenly Father will heal the great woe which has fallen upon her.

Yesterday I received a letter from Señor Almanaz, written in Chicago, where he said he was compelled to remain a few days to settle up some business affairs. It was very polite, and he was gentlemanly enough to make no reference to our last interview. After giving me his best wishes, he asked a personal favor, which, as he says, will be the only one he will ever ask. I cannot refuse to grant it, as it is in my power to do so.

"I have been told," so his letter reads, "that you have a special aptitude in solving enigmas, riddles, and cipher-writing. A friend placed in my hand, some time since, some cipher, with the request that I would translate it for him. I confess that I cannot do so. If you find yourself able to make out the meaning, and will be kind enough to send it to me, you will make me ever your debtor. Here it is:

"1—0—1"

"Ofija't Badi 50act Mpyug Vmeda sid Xgief Nbg."

"May I ask further that you will let this little matter remain a mutual secret?"

As this seems to be a harmless request, and I felt that perhaps I had been a little unjust toward him, I set to work to unravel his riddle for him.

It was not the hardest thing of the kind that I ever undertook, and I succeeded after a few hours. The figures "1—0—1," at the top, contain the key, which I discovered after pretty severe labor, and then I read it without trouble. There does not seem much meaning in it, but such as it is, he is welcome, and I simply wrote out my translation and mailed it to him, only adding that I was glad to do him so slight a favor.

SATURDAY evening. What does it mean? The letter to Señor Almanaz has scarcely left my hands, when the following reaches me:

"CHICAGO, November —, 186—."

"MISS FLORENCE WOODLAND—Please undertake a task, which may not be difficult to you, but is impossible of accomplishment to me. Your father once remarked your singular ability at unraveling difficult problems and riddles, which he said you displayed in early childhood. Here is something that has floored me:

"1—0—1"

"Ofija't Badi 50act Mpyug Vmeda sid Xgief Nbg."

"I have racked my brains over it in vain. If your fortunate faculty in hieroglyphical lore

will enable you to decipher this, I may succeed in getting you a commission upon what future Rosetta Stones the English Government may discover in Egypt. But, seriously, you will do a greater service than you imagine by unravelling this mystery; and, above all, let me caution you to keep this a secret, and should you receive a request from any other source, pay no attention to it. Don't forget this! You no doubt will be willing to trust me in this matter.

"—SMITH."

This is certainly a strange letter, and it made me feel uncomfortable. As soon as I had read it, I went straight to the post-office to intercept the one I had sent to Señor Almanaz, but I was just too late. It had been gone about ten minutes.

Feeling that I might have done something very wrong, I went to father, explained the whole thing, and asked him what it was best for me to do.

"Telegraph to Smith," he replied, "and we can then head off this other letter."

We made ready to do so, but an insuperable object presented itself. Mr. Smith had simply dated his letter "Chicago," without giving the least indication of where he was stopping, so that it was impossible to tell where to direct the telegram. It looks as if he had taken pains to get an envelope which contained not the least reference to his hotel.

"There's no use in crying for split milk," said father, in his philosophic manner. "What's done can't be helped, and all you can do is to send your reply to Smith, stating what has happened, so that, possibly, it may be in his power to rectify the mistake."

I did so at once, and the next mail to Chicago carried my translation and explanatory letter to Mr. Smith. I only hope it has not been sent too late to accomplish all that he wishes.

CHAPTER II.

From the Journal of Adolph Squirrek, Detective.

CHICAGO, November —. Señor Alvarido Almanaz is the bird for me to pluck. If I lose sight of him I lose all. He carries the secret of Fred Weldon with him, and I shall stick to him like a plague, until he is forced to give it up.

It was the handsome señor who sent the note of warning to the Judge, jury and witnesses in the trial of "poor Tom Borie," and it was the same individual who penned the note which led Fred Weldon to the High Bridge over Devil's Creek on that night, a couple of weeks ago, when I failed to warn him in time. The noble señor was connected with the late Mulligan brothers, in precisely what character I can only conjecture. I can see how convenient such a fellow would be to make away with money and jewels that were likely to be identified, while his tastes led him to keep aloof from intimate association with the members of the gang themselves.

As the noble señor strongly suspects me of dogging his footsteps, it becomes necessary for me to put on one of the best disguises at my command. I think I have succeeded in "closing up his eyes," as the vulgar phrase goes.

On Thursday evening, the señor called upon Miss Woodland, and bade her good-by, as he proposed starting for Cuba next morning. I suspect she gave him his dismissal, as he strode very angrily down the lane, not even glancing up at the coarse-looking drover that he encountered on his way, and who bade him "good-evening" so civilly.

The same night the handsome foreigner started for his Cuba, which, in this instance, means Chicago, and in the same car with him rode the humble individual who is just now engaged in writing up his journal.

The señor bought a through ticket, as also did the humble individual referred to, and when we were fairly under way, he took out the piece of writing which is so difficult to read, and began studying it. By glancing over his shoulder, I saw that it was precisely the same as the one held in my pocket-book, but as I became convinced some time since that it was altogether beyond my skill, I contented myself with reading the Chicago Tribune.

Nothing further worthy of note occurred, on our journey to Chicago, save that we ran over a cow, and the noble señor turned pale with fear at the remote prospect of all of us going down the embankment, and into eternity.

We both took rooms at the same hotel, and without attracting suspicion, I secured one adjoining his. When a man sets himself up to keep guard over another, it is well to have him as close at hand as possible.

Both of us were pretty well tuckered out with our journey, and as the evening was well advanced, I concluded he would need rest as much as myself, and so I tumbled in for the night.

On our way from the distant town of Somerville to this teeming city, the eye of the noble señor more than once fell upon me. It follows, as a matter of course, that if he runs against me in the hotel he will have his suspicions awakened, no matter how perfect I may make my disguise.

As a matter of business, therefore, I came out in a new rig—a sort of free and easy man of the town, who had an abundance of leisure upon his hands, and to whom, therefore, it might seem natural that he should be given to wandering about the city.

In my new "get up" I sat opposite the noble señor at the table, and tested my disguise by attempting to open a conversation with him. He replied politely but coolly, and, I am sure, looked upon me in no other light than that of a perfect stranger.

After being at the hotel a couple of days, I have learned that the noble señor has friends in this city, and once or twice he has visited them, and on each occasion has given me the slip, for which I deserve to be kicked by the first man I meet.

Yesterday he went inside the bar and wrote a letter. He took such precautions while en-

gaged in doing so that I could not get a glimpse of the sheet; but when he had directed it, he pounded the blotting-paper down upon it, and hurried out of the room.

After a moment's thought I concluded to follow him, as I could afford to lose a little time with the blotting-paper, while there was none to be lost if I wished to keep him under my eye.

He went straight to the post-office, and then came directly back again, and retired to his room. Immediately after this I found occasion to go behind the bar, and took up the blotting-pad and examined it.

The blotting-paper has more than once proved a valuable key to the detective, and if President Grant chose, he could tell more than one important secret that came to him through this blubious article; and if Jefferson Davis should ever get a glimpse of this journal, he will perhaps suspect that a certain individual, who acted for a while as a sort of man Friday to him in Richmond, gained a great deal of the information with which he ran through the lines in the same manner.

The pad showed that the noble Cuban had written a letter to Miss Florence Woodland, at Somerville.

And what business has he to write to her? If she has rejected or repulsed him, she has done it in a manner which leaves no room for him to renew his attentions. It can't be that; it must be upon a matter of business.

HOLD!

That evening of the party at Judge Woodland's, when he and I were engaged in a game of chess, he remarked upon the great skill his daughter displayed in the game, she never having been beaten by any one. He added that she also had a more extraordinary ability in reading cipher, and had more than once assisted him in tracing out crime by this gift.

Now, the noble señor has probably learned the same thing, and has applied to her for assistance in making out the puzzle which has baffled both him and me.

He has got the start of me here, and it will be hard work for me to head him off; but it does not seem possible that the skill of Miss Woodland is such as to enable her to unravel the puzzle without several days' study, and I can reach her in time to bluff this little game of the gentleman from the Gem of the Antilles.

FRIDAY. My letter was written and sent, and at the office I learned the precise hour when the mail from Somerville reaches Chicago. A little figuring shows that if a letter leaves that goodly town on the afternoon of Saturday (which will give Miss Woodland several hours to work upon the cipher, providing it promptly reaches her), it will be ready for delivery at the Chicago post-office at precisely six o'clock in the evening of Monday—providing no unforeseen accident occurs to prevent.

This is rather favorable, as that is the hour of tea, and the señor is a healthy eater, and I observe, does not go out until about an hour after his evening meal, when he lights his Havana, and saunters so far away that it is almost morning before he gets back again.

Provided he does not wait for the opening of the mail at the office, this will give me a chance to forestall him. As such a man has no business to send anything to Miss Woodland, it follows, as a matter of course, that he has no right to receive anything from her, and I must do my utmost to prevent it.

EVENING. Miss Florence Woodland has more skill than I imagined. The fact is, she has a singular gift, a genius, I might say, which I doubt has ever been surpassed, even by Edgar A. Poe, who exposed so cleverly the Automaton Chess Player.

She receives this puzzle from the noble señor by one mail, translates and sends the reply the next day, and the whole mystery is unraveled and in my possession this evening.

I took the precaution to give a new touch to my whiskers, when I went to the post-office, and called at the window slide, as it hardly would have done for me to have been identified by the post clerk.

On my way back to tea, I met the Cuban, who, I think, were quite an expectant look on his olive countenance. Ah, me! disappointment comes to all in the affairs of this world.

I am sorry that Miss Woodland will have to lie under the apprehension of having made a bad mistake, but I trust I shall soon be able to set her mind at rest.

All that I am afraid of is, that, falling there, the noble señor may turn elsewhere for help in this matter. If he should get it, he may make a good deal of trouble, but, as he is now in Chicago, he will be likely to remain there until his business is fully settled. At any rate, I do not think he will take up his abode in the Gem of the Antilles for some months yet.

I have had a glimpse of his confederate, or perhaps more properly, his tool—a low-browed, brutal-looking man, who waited on the outside of the door for him, and the two walked off together. This man answers to the name of Manuel, and is a Spaniard, so that I could not understand anything that passed between them, except an occasional "Tiene Usted," "Yo tengo," "Si, señor," "El lo tiene," and a few other simple phrases of this language, which I have picked up here and there.

They led me a long tramp, going across the river, and to the outskirts of the city, where they halted at a respectable house, rang the bell, and passed in. Walking by the door, I saw on the plate the name, "S. S. RUTHVEN, M. D."

I waited on the other side the street for about half an hour, when my two friends emerged to view, talking very earnestly. If I were only barbarian enough to understand the language of Hispaniola, I might have gained a clue to what they were driving at; but it was all "Greek" to me, and as incomprehensible as the cipher submitted to Miss Florence Woodland. I wonder now whether she wouldn't translate their gibberish for me, if I should take it down and send it to her!

The noble señor and his friend Manuel were engaged in such earnest conversation that they came near walking into the river, before they discovered that the draw was open.

They kept company until they reached the hotel, and there they went in together, and side by side ascended to the room of the Cuban. I could overhear their words, but, as it was in that infernal foreign tongue, it did me as little good as it did the silent banisters beside me.

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE FAIR.

THE Thirty-eighth Annual Fair of the American Institute was inaugurated on Wednesday evening, September 8, at the Empire Skating Rink, New York city. Although many of the most valuable contributions had not been received, and many of those at the rink had not been classified, in spite of the unpromising condition of the weather, and the confusion of the exhibitors, the crowds of spectators who thronged the aisles and alcoves manifested the great interest felt in the annual display of ingenious inventions, labor-saving machinery and useful novelties. From the opening night the attendance has been very great. As the various articles were placed in position, and the complicated machinery commenced working, the interest seems to have daily increased. A description of the Fair in the brief space to which we are limited is impossible. There is too much to be seen and examined, and the display brings out a wonderful amount of new and bold ideas. It is so democratic in its arrangement that no person, however fastidious, or eccentric, or young, will fail to be entertained by some attractive feature. To the machinist, the Fair is one of the grandest illustrated textbooks ever conceived, embracing as it does complicated machinery suitable for all purposes. The scientific have an opportunity of witnessing some wonderful applications of electricity and steam. The ladies, besides feasting bountifully at the restaurant, can enjoy a "flow of soul" over exquisite pianos, and specimens of the fine arts by the most accomplished artists. A single visit will scarcely introduce one to the hundreds of useful and ornamental articles on exhibition, while an examination as thorough as the Fair demands will occupy many evenings.

The number of entries registered in the secretary's office previous to the opening was 591, distributed as follows:

Department of Fine Arts and Education.....	60
Department of the Dwelling.....	157
Department of Dress and Handicraft.....	66
Department of Chemistry and Mineralogy.....	68
Department of Engines and Machinery.....	122
Department of Intercommunication.....	81
Department of Agriculture and Horticulture.....	47

Since that time the number has been increased by several hundred. The rink is handsomely decorated with the flags of all nations, and a profusion of bunting in festoons. The police arrangements are perfect, and there appears to be everything to please, with nothing to offend or disappoint.

Explosion at the Indiana State Fair, at Indianapolis.

A TERRIBLE explosion occurred on Friday, October 1, at Indianapolis, Ind., during the State Fair, a steam-boiler attached to a saw-mill bursting while the immediate vicinity was crowded with spectators. The boiler had just been fired up for a test with another machine, and arrangements had been made to remove it as soon as the trial was completed. The excitement and confusion was intense. No less than nineteen persons were killed, and at least one hundred others seriously injured. Many of the bodies were mutilated and burned beyond recognition. The accident cast a gloom over the entire city. The inhabitants speedily tendered their services to the physicians of the Indiana Surgical Institution, who, as soon as the catastrophe became known, offered the establishment and their professional aid to the sufferers. The receipts of the Fair on the following day were given to the wounded.

The Late Ex-President Franklin Pierce.

FRANKLIN PIERCE, the fourteenth President of the United States, died Friday morning, October 8th, after a long and severe illness, at his residence in Concord, New Hampshire.

Mr. Pierce was born in Hillsborough, in that State, on the 23d of November, 1804. He was the son of General Benjamin Pierce, who had been an officer of the patriot army in the war of independence.

Franklin entered Bowdoin College, in Brunswick, Maine, at the age of sixteen, and was graduated with honor in 1824. He then entered the office of Levi Woodbury to study law, and in 1827 was admitted to the bar in his native town.

In 1829 he was elected to the State Legislature as a Democrat, and was re-elected each year until 1833, when he was sent to Congress. After serving two terms in Congress, he was chosen United States Senator, and took his seat at the early age of thirty-three.

In 1847 he volunteered for service in the Mexican war; was at once appointed Colonel of the Ninth regiment of volunteers, and was afterward promoted to the command of a brigade, as Brigadier-General. In 1850 he served in the State Constitutional Convention of New Hampshire, and was chosen its Chairman.

In June, 1852, after a long struggle between James Buchanan, Lewis Cass and others, for the Democratic nomination to the Presidency, the Baltimore Convention chose Mr. Pierce as their candidate, and he was subsequently elected. In 1856, on the accession of James Buchanan to the Presidency, Mr. Pierce left this country, and traveled in Europe for several years, and since his return had appeared but little in public.

A MARVELOUS STATEMENT.

THE subjoined narrative is taken from an English periodical, the editor of which protests its entire truthfulness, he being intimately acquainted with the lady who prepared the story for publication, and whose veracity he cannot doubt:

The circumstance I am about to relate occurred full fifty years ago, but rises before me as freshly and vividly as then. Most of those who knew of it, and she who was the most concerned in it, are now in their silent graves; but the descendants of some may recognize the story which startled our small circle so long ago.

When, after the peace of 1814 was concluded, the continent was once more opened to us, every one who remembers it knows how gladly we English availed ourselves of it to leave our island home and seek, some health, others pleasure, in the complete change

of scene and life. My husband and I shared the almost universal "furore," and went to France. There, however, our wanderings ceased for a time, for, when we arrived at the picturesque old town of D., we were agreeably surprised to find some old friends there. Soon after others arrived, and we yielded to their wishes that we should remain.

In those days the English drew closely to each other. Now, when abroad, you must be careful of making acquaintances till you know your compatriot's "motives" for absencing himself from his native land. Our little coterie became intimate friends.

Our house was in a central situation as regarded those of our friends; though it was in the town, it had a small garden before it, and a gravelled path led to the hall door.

My husband was fond of society; I am still, I must own, though too old to enter into its spirit as formerly. Our house was always open to our friends, but we were especially glad to see them of an evening; then music and the whist-table whirled away the hours till half-past nine, when the supper-tray appeared, and at ten o'clock our last guest departed. Those were primitive times. Of all our acquaintances the person I was most drawn to was a Mrs. Norris, a very pretty young woman, light-hearted and always cheerful. All the most severe critic could blame her for was, perhaps, an extreme love of amusement. She was my constant guest. Her husband was in the army, and at the time I speak of was quartered in Ireland. Mrs. Norris was anxious to give her four children a better education than their limited means could procure in England. Captain Norris had only just left D. to join his regiment, and had expressed his wish I would "look after" his wife, and assist her with advice, or in any way that might be necessary.

Of all the Norris children, Louisa was her father's favorite, but her mother almost disliked her, apparently, if one can use the word dislike to describe a mother's harshness to her child. I used to think Mrs. Norris was severe to Louisa because she feared her being spoiled by her father's indulgence. I afterward found that the mother's harshness caused the father's favor.

One evening our small circle had assembled, as usual, at my house, and dispersed about ten o'clock, Mrs. Norris being the first to leave. When my husband and I were alone we chatted over the little incidents and gossip of the evening. At last I took my candle and went to my room, a front one. I had undressed when I heard a noise at the window like hail rattling against it. Knowing that the night had been very fine, I drew back the curtain in surprise, and saw Mrs. Norris standing on the path.

The servants had long gone to bed, so I hurriedly threw my dressing-wrapper around me and ran downstairs.

When I had opened the hall door, before I had time to ask a question, Mrs. Norris exclaimed:

"Oh, I fear something dreadful has happened to Charles!"

"Why do you think so?" I said; "have you heard anything of him?"

"No," she answered, "I have not heard of or from him lately; yet, as you know, I was not uneasy about him, and was quite happy and cheerful with you this evening. I left you early to go to my children; they were all asleep. I went to bed directly, but, in about ten minutes after, by the light of the night-lamp, I saw my husband standing by my bedside. He had a fearful gasp in his throat, from which the blood was pouring. He spoke to me, and said: 'Farewell; be kind to poor Lou.' In a moment he disappeared. When I could collect my thoughts I dressed and came to you, my dear friend, to tell you I fear something dreadful has happened to my husband, and I must go to him. Will you look after my children till my return?"

Traveling in those days was a most disagreeable process; the slowness, cold, dirt and misery of sailing vessels and coaches made people generally reflect a good deal before they undertook a journey, unless they could afford to travel post. I, therefore, tried to persuade Mrs. Norris that she had only dreamed of her husband. She replied:

"I had not even closed my eyes, and I saw him as plainly as I do you."

Then I tried to persuade her to wait for the arrival of the next mail from England.

"No," she said; "he might be dying even while we are standing consulting together."

I asked what she thought most likely to have befallen him.

"He might be fatally wounded, if not killed, in a duel."

Those were the days when dueling was in its prime—when, if a man fancied a word or joke touched his honor, he felt it incumbent on him to call out the offender, though he were his best friend, and endeavor to wash off the stain in his blood.

I saw it was useless trying to dissuade Mrs. Norris, so I now hurriedly dressed and helped her preparations for departure, promising to be a mother to her children in her absence.

She traveled post to the nearest port, thence sailed to England, and proceeded immediately to her husband's quarters in Ireland.

She was the only inside passenger by the coach, and to beguile her sad thoughts bought a newspaper at the first town where they stopped to change horses. At the next stoppage the guard found my poor friend senseless.

She had found in the paper an account of the death of Captain Norris by suicide at the very moment she had seen his apparition.

When Mrs. Norris returned to her children, and had in some degree recovered from this awful shock, she spoke with calmness of what she called her "last interview" with her husband. I remarked that, even if she had dreamed it, it would have been extraordinary. She was firm in asserting she had not closed her eyes, and but just extinguished her candle.

So I said no more, but other friends were more pertinacious in insisting his presence could not have been a reality.

Her answer was invariably:

"I saw him as plainly as I see you."

FREAKS OF A LUNATIC.

IN a very quiet neighborhood in Sussex, England, resides a family, one of the members of which is afflicted with mental derangement. Being quiet and inoffensive, the parents have chosen rather to keep her under their own care than to put her in an asylum. Although habitually weak-minded, the poor girl is not noticeably deranged, save at long intervals. A few weeks since, however, one of these attacks came upon her, and under the influence of the strange malady, she climbed out of the window of her room, and sought the residence of a friend of the family, a few houses off. Being well acquainted with the premises, she had no difficulty in gaining admittance, and just before dawn the gentleman and his wife were awakened from a profound sleep by a most fearful scream in their bedroom. Starting up, terribly alarmed and frightened, they beheld an apparition well calculated to inspire terror and unnerve the boldest.

With the subtle cunning which sometimes attends insanity, the girl had taken from the mantelpiece a revolver, and now stood in the centre of the room, her long black hair streaming over her robe, her eyes blazing like fire, and the pistol pointed at the two people in the bed. Every time either of them moved, a fearful glitter of her eye and a movement of her arm disclosed her purpose to fire. Entreaties and soothing words were alike unavailing, and to all

questions and appeals she replied with a scream of maniac laughter.

In this position hour after hour went by, and still the girl stood menacingly at the foot of the bed, still threatening to shoot, still laughing with a glee that curdled the blood, and sent the cold chills through the frames of the appalled couple, who expected every moment to feel the crash of the leaden missiles, armed with death. Finally her mood changed, and she seemed to desire a frolic rather than a tragedy.

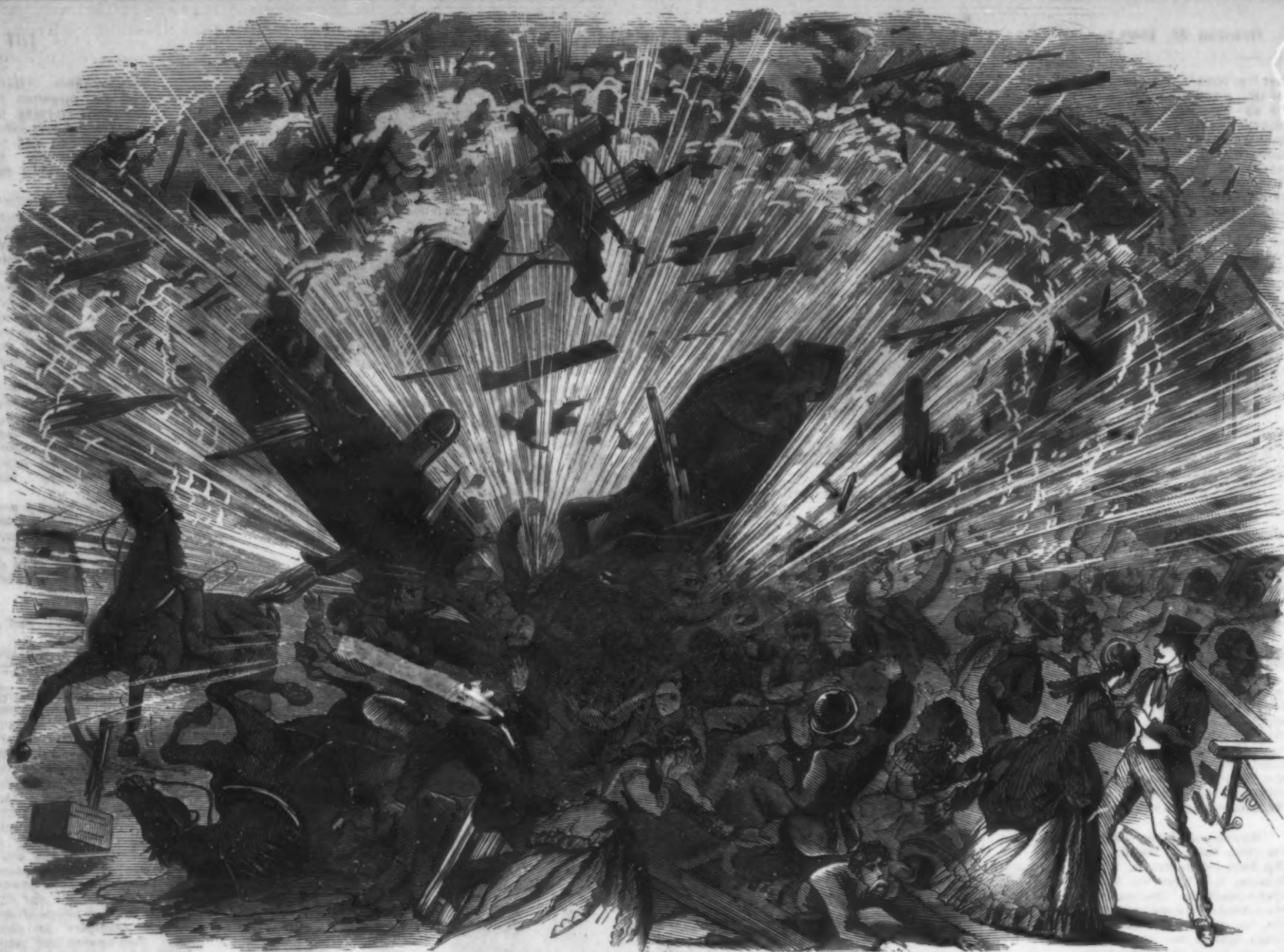
"Get up and dance!" she said; and in obedience to her commands, the gentleman and his wife arose, and commenced a series of terpsichorean antics, which, however ludicrous, were anything but laughable to the parties engaged. The morning came, close and heavy, and the dense atmosphere of the room made the unwonted exercise fatiguing to the last degree. The perspiration stood out in great drops on their foreheads, and ran down their faces. The steps and graceful motions usually employed in the "cotillon," the "mazurka," and the "schottisch" were now exchanged for a staggering reel, and the tired and compulsory votaries of Terpsichore were ready to drop. But every indication of a suspension of the active exercise drew from the observant spectator the stern injunction, "Dance!" And although their limbs ached and their breath came quick and short, dance they did—they "danced all night till broad daylight."

The lady being somewhat obese, and unused to such violent work, showed evident signs of distress. But it did no good. The maniac was bent on a frolic, and kept them in incessant motion. How long the frolic would have been kept up it is impossible to say, had not a servant come in and diverted the attention of the girl. This enabled the gentleman to secure the pistol, and, thus relieved from peril, suspend the dance. Although very fond of such amusements before, both he and his wife now discover a great antipathy to dancing.

A TEMPLE OF JOSH IN SAN FRANCISCO.—The interior of a Josh temple is thus described by a gentleman who lately visited the one recently erected by the Chinese in San Francisco: At one end of the hall, reaching entirely across it, is a luxurious throne, composed of silk, satin, and costly fabrics, embroidered heavily with gold and silver, and ornamented in the richest manner. In the centre of this throne, up two steps, on what seemed to be low, easy, silken cushions, sat Josh. Covering the throne and reaching to the ceiling was the most gorgeous canopy, rich with silk, velvet, gold, and silver. This covered the throne entirely, except the portion occupied by Josh, and the silk and cords and satin festooned with glittering richness above his head. In the centre of all this grandeur sat Josh, very demurely and very tranquilly—I may say, very happily. He was a singular creature to be so powerful. I don't know what he was made of, but I think he was formed of clay. His raiment was the richest I have ever beheld, and probably fits the Chinaman's idea of the wicked one. He looked to me like a very harmless and peaceful devil. I should be afraid to grapple with him alone. He had a putty-looking face, black eyes, black hair, and a fearful black whisker tied under his ears and reaching under his chin, and covering the whole of the neck and most of the breast. His nose and cheeks gave indications of a heavy drinker—brandy, probably—and his stomach, round and fat, seemed to say larger. His dress was so heavily loaded with gold and silver, and so mixed up with folds of silver and velvet, that I could not tell whether it was a coat, a dress, or a mantle. I am pretty sure the fellow had on some kind of small clothes. A very fine smoking-cap adorned his head, but I could not see that he had clutched feet, nor that his fingers were hooked. I endeavored to see if he was a Chinese devil and wore a queue, but his back was so covered with embroidery and furbelows that I had to abandon the undertaking, for I did not like to get too near him. In front of the throne, in the centre of the room, was an elegant counter or sort of table, carved and ornamented in a very costly and elaborate manner, and inlaid with precious metals and rare stones. This was also, in point of elegance, beyond anything I ever saw—not that it was so beautiful or tasteful, but that the profusion and rare character of the materials, and nature of the ornamentation, was a most charming feat of the senses. Everything about the room showed the same disregard of cost. A number of banners, of the costliest materials and most expensive workmanship, were about the room, and a quantity of charts. Neither chair nor lounge was to be seen, nor a stool, nor an ottoman, nor anything to sit upon. The Old Boy had the only seat in the room. I have said that everything in the room was of the most elegant character. I will add that all the curtains and hangings, and the costly raiment, had once been of the brightest colors. They were now smoked and dusty, and soiled beyond redemption. To touch them was to be defiled. This destruction of property was all done to please and flatter that drunkard among the cushions, under the silken canopy. They also presented to him certain written charts, which he preserved by hanging them about the walls. These charts are supposed to contain the speeches of the various delegations to his highness, in about the same manner, I take it, as delegations make speeches to our President at Washington, when they make him presents. I cannot find out the manner in which the Chinese worship this enemy of the species, except that they burn incense under his nose, make speeches to him, and give him presents. The Chinamen don't like to talk on the subject.

PRESENT POPULATION OF THE GLOBE.—There are on the globe about 1,288,000,000 of souls, of which 380,000,000 are of the Caucasian race; 552,000,000 are of the Mongol race; 100,000,000 are of the Ethiopian race; 175,000,000 are of the Malay race; 1,000,000 are of the Indo-American race. There are 3,645 languages spoken, and 1,000 different religions. The yearly mortality of the globe is 523,533,333 persons. That is at the rate of 91,554 per day, 3,730 per hour, 60 per minute. So each pulsation of our heart marks the decease of some human creature. The average of human life is 33 years. One-fourth of the population dies at or before the age of 7 years. One-half at or before 17 years. Among 10,000 persons, one arrives at the age of 100 years, one in 500 the age of 90, and one in 100 lives to the age of 60. Married men live longer than single ones. In 1,000 persons, 45 marry, and more marriages occur in June and December than in any other months of the year. One-eighth of the whole population is military. Professions exercise a great influence on longevity. In 1,000 individuals who arrive at the age of 70 years, 42 are priests, orators or public speakers, 40 are agriculturists, 33 are workmen, 22 soldiers or military employes, 29 advocates or engineers, 27 professors, and 24 doctors. Those who devote their lives to the prolongation of others, die the soonest. There are 335,000,000 Christians. There are 5,000,000 Israelites. There are 600,000,000 Asiatic religions. There are 100,000,000 Mohammedans. There are 200,000,000 Pagans. In the Christian churches 170,000,000 profess the Roman Catholic; 75,000,000 profess the Greek faith; 50,000,000 profess the Protestant.

FIRE-FLIES FROM CUBA.—Very fine specimens of fire-flies were recently brought from Cuba to naturalists of Salem, Mass. On their growing they were fed on sugar and water. The insects are from an inch and a quarter to two inches long, of a dark brown color, and the luminous emanations issue from two spots, apparently upon the head, back of the eyes, but really situated upon the sides of the thorax or middle section of the body, and upon the abdomen. The light is sufficient to allow a person to read when the insect is held near the printed page. It is stated that the light is so brilliant as to affect the sight, and when a person has looked at the insect for some time, other and artificial lights appear of a deep red.



EXPLOSION OF A STEAM-BOILER AT THE INDIANA STATE FAIR, INDIANAPOLIS, IND., OCTOBER 1ST, 1869.—FROM A SKETCH BY M. M. M'KEON.—SEE PAGE 99.

THE MAJOR'S VALENTINE.

BY DORA DALE.

Yes, he loved her.

People have done such things, and will continue to be just so foolish until the end of time, no doubt, but I think that the reflection proved anything but consoling to this particular man. He sat gazing blankly into the fire, puffing away at his cigar, but seeing only a fair, proud face, with its crown of golden braids, while the soft hazel eyes burned down into his very soul. Finally, he looked up, and flung away the unfinished Havana with a short, impatient sigh.

"No use," he muttered, under his heavy mustache, as he slowly walked over to the table, and took out his writing-desk; "if four years' absence, and plenty of hard cavalry duty, doesn't cure a man of such unutterable folly, I'm afraid it's hopeless. Confound it! if I could decline that deuced invitation I would do so; but if I do, it will look pointed, as I have accepted to all the parties of that set, and I would not have her suspect that the old fire smolders still. Besides, I've asked Bella Remsen for the German—that is, if they have any, after this valentine business is over. Here goes." And in a bold, clear hand he dashed off the note.

"Major Cambrelling presents his compliments to Miss Seyton, and will do himself the pleasure to accept her polite invitation for St. Valentine's night."

Then he looked at it with a grave smile.

"Formal enough," he said to himself; "I wonder, Katherine, if you will remember the letter I sent you four years ago, when your proud eyes ran over this note? Folly again! I must answer Clayton's letter, and then I'll go to the club or the opera, and see if I can shake off my touch of the blue devils."

This letter did not seem so difficult of composition, for the rapid pen dashed on untiringly for half an hour, at the end of which, having sealed and addressed the two epistles, Howard Cambrelling drew on a pair of light gloves, took up his opera-glass, and walked out. As he passed a post-box on his way to the French Theatre he dropped his letters into it, and dismissed them from his mind. But I always shall believe good St. Valentine took charge of the mail-bag that night. The one-armed soldier who performed his duty of postman in Thirty-fifth street wondered what upon earth induced such a quantity of letters, all addressed to the same number, but to at least twenty different people, on the next morning. In fact, his curiosity was so great that he asked the good-looking housemaid who opened the basement-door "if they'd begun to take in boarders." Mary laughed. "Indeed no, sorra a boarder; but me young lady has a valentine party, as she calls it, this evening, and I believe all the folks and the letters here for the ones who's coming, d'ye see? Because, thin, not a one of 'em knows

how they come, or who sint 'em, unless, sure, they signs the names." The postman nodded wisely, as if he knew all about it, and Mary went up-stairs to deliver her charge to the butler, who carried the entire bundle into the breakfast-room, where the family were all seated.

At a first glance, you would say "the family" consisted of boys, for there were no less than six of that highly interesting genus, the eldest

of whom might have been nineteen. Indeed, they ranged in age from five years upward, and there were but two ladies at the table. One, dark, petite, and pretty, sat at Judge Seyton's right hand. She, Nora Champlen, was his favorite niece, and regularly came on from Philadelphia for the gay season in New York, as much to Katherine's delight as her own. Katherine, with her merry word for all, her soft, bright smile at her troublesome brothers, was a

very different Katherine from the one who had bowed with such regal courtesy to Major Cambrelling, when she met him in the lobby of the theatre last evening.

"Oh, Katherine! just look at the valentines," cried Nora.

"I say, Katherine, isn't this going to be jolly?"

"Kitty, Kitty, let Poppet stay up to see 'e party?" and five-year old Poppet made a frantic dive in her direction, and nearly upset his cup of milk.

"What a din!" said Katherine, laughing, as all six of the junior Seytons crowded around her chair; "boys, do be careful. Yes, you and Clarence may sort them, Rob, and let me know how many there are. To go on with my explanation, papa—the valentines are to be read aloud for the benefit of the entire company. Such sort of parties used to be quite the mode, so Nora and I thought it would be quite a frolic to revive the idea."

"One for you, Katherine," said Robert.

"Why, here are lots for sister," interrupted Clarence; "some of them must be acceptances—six, Katherine."

"I wonder if they are?" questioned she, holding them doubtfully in her hand.

"As there are so many, I should imagine some of them were," said Nora from her end of the table; "open them by all means, Katherine, and if you come across any love-sick verses, don't read them."

"Mr. and Miss Seymour accept—the Fentons decline. Mr. Powell and Mr. Caryll will be most happy, etc.," read Katherine. "Oh, papa!" as he rose, "just wait a moment; I must get you to execute a commission on your way downtown;" and she hastily shoved the remaining notes in her pocket until a more leisure moment.

But spare time for the young housekeeper did not arrive until late that afternoon. There were a thousand and one things to be done, of course; and although the Seytons' was a remarkably well-arranged household, owing to experienced servants, Katherine was here and there, up-stairs and down, until Nora declared she fairly ached to see her energy, and so went off to lie down and rest, advising her cousin to do likewise.

Katherine finally went to her room, with the intention of being quiet for half an hour before dinner, but Poppet clamored at the door for admittance.

"Little tease," said Katherine, as he trotted in, "will you come and lie down on the sofa here by sister, and keep quiet?"

"Ees," said Poppet, climbing up, and disposing his fat legs under him in some mysterious manner. "Can Poppet put 'e head on assy's knee? Poppet's so tired."

"Yes," said Katherine, rather wearily, taking the pins out of her golden hair, and letting it fall over her shoulders. She was tired bodily and mentally—utterly tired, she thought, as she looked down at Poppet's curly pate, and half wished that she had no more than he to make



THE LATE EX-PRESIDENT FRANKLIN PIERCE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 99.

her "so tired." Weary of the ceaseless whirl of an unusually gay winter, weary of admiration and worldliness, with a wild, unexpressed longing for love and rest, down in the depths of the heart Howard Cambrelling thought so cold. Involuntarily the tears sprang to her eyes, and she thought of the dreams of that summer at Newport four years gone by, when—no matter, she had been a fool! Life was rather different at two-and-twenty from what she had believed it at eighteen.

"Somebody hurt, sis-sy," said Poppet, twisting his head uneasily.

"What?" said she, still half in dream-land.

"What's aisy got under 'o dress?"

"Nothing, Poppet—oh, I forgot those notes! Poor little man, did you feel the paper?"

and she pulled the crumpled notes out of her pocket. Two were sealed. Rather mechanically she opened one.

"No acceptance from him," she thought, as she threw the paper down. Then she broke the other seal.

"My dear Clayton"—Katherine turned white to her lips as she recognized the well-known hand.

"My dear Clayton"—she turned over the leaf, bewildered, and read the signature. An impulse, as irresistible as it was afterward unaccountable, prompted her to read it, scarce realizing what she was about.

"MY DEAR CLAYTON—Thanks for your last. I should ere this have joined you in Philadelphia, if I were not worse than a madman. Did you ever see a moth flit round your candle, and persist in beating its wings against the flame until the poor insect fell scorched to the ground? I've been acting the moth for six weeks past. You tell me that Katherine Seyton is cold as Carrara marble, and I almost begin to think so. She certainly was not so once; but retrospective views are maddening. I imagined myself cured of the old fever, but I find the fallacy of my ideas on that subject when I realize that I never loved her half as well as at this moment. Why did she not answer my letter, you ask? I don't know; in fact, I hardly care. I've half a mind to try—see what an idiot I am growing, away from your calm influence! You will probably recommend a strait-jacket when I add that I'm going there to-morrow night, having just penned my acceptance to a queer sort of valentine party which Katherine gives. I wonder if I shall get a valentine? It's a curious coincidence that my memorable letter was sent four years ago to-night. When this party is over, I think I shall take a trip across the Atlantic, and possibly, when I return, she may be Mrs.—somebody. Heigho! Old friend, you and I have no business with hearts, though I did hear you are *épris* of Nora Champlien. Adieu. Burn this, if you've any respect for the writer.

"HOWARD CAMBRELLING."

Wave after wave of rosy color swept over Katherine's lovely face, and a low cry of surprise and happiness burst from her lips as she smoothed the paper out tenderly in her hand. Poppet, tired of her silence, slipped his head off her knee, and trotted out of the room; but she never saw him go. Major Cambrelling was extremely late in making his appearance that evening in the Seytons' parlors. He found the room crowded, and Judge Seyton fully occupied in reading the pile of valentines that lay before him. Howard drifted along until he found Nora Champlien.

"Oh, major!" said she, giving him a cordial greeting, "you should have been here earlier. Some of the notes were so very funny! Listen. Actually, uncle is abusing me this time."

"To Miss Nora Champlien," read the judge, with a wicked glance in her direction; "Philadelphia post-mark!"

"Valentine! valentine! Be a clever saint; Tell me for a lady fair

Tell the lady, would she shine, She must be—herself!"

There was a little murmur of laughter around the well-bred circle, the picture was so very comically true to life. Nora's cheeks took a brighter hue, but she certainly had the redeem-

Impulsively he bent lower. "I was not sure of a welcome! Had I dreamed—"

But an advancing lady stopped the low whisper, and Katherine moved down the room, leaving the major's heart in a tumult.

It was an extremely lively and successful party. After the valentines were finished, the German began, and, cleverly as Major Cambrelling managed, he found it was next to impossible to get Katherine away from the crowd. The German was rather a large one, led by Nora Champlien, who, *en parenthèse*, was in a very cross mood at the non-appearance of Mr. Clayton. Katherine was secretly rejoiced by his not coming, for she did not want the contretemps of the notes to transpire in that shape. Two figures had gone round, and each time had she tried to make herself go and take up the major, but pride was not quite vanquished. As she rose for the third figure, to her dismay, she saw Clayton standing at Nora's chair.

"The engine broke, and—" was all she caught of his explanation as she waited down the room. Her resolve was made on the instant. Howard deserved more at her hands than this. She could not let him learn his mistake from Clayton.

"Major Cambrelling," she said, stopping before him, and placing a dainty bouquet in his buttonhole.

"Thanks!" His arm was round her, and they were gliding down the room to the lovely waltz music. Finally he stopped near the conservatory door.

"Let me get you an ice," he said; "are you not tired?"

She declined the ice, and as she leaned over and plucked a beautiful azalla, he saw the crimson dye her face.

"Have you had a successful party?" he went on. "For my part, I think I shall pick a quarrel with the old saint. Not a scrap of a valentine did he vouchsafe me."

"Why did you not send me one?" she asked; "or do you never attempt to do anything so trifling, Major Cambrelling?"

The light words stung him like a barbed arrow.

"I sent one once," he said, hoarsely. "Cruel! had she no more heart than that?"

"And got none in return? How very unkind. Are you quite sure you never sent but one?"

A light, blinding, dazzling, struck on the bewildered soldier's senses as he looked into the lovely, blushing face of her whom he loved.

"Katherine, dearest! best beloved, dare I hope—"

"I said nothing about hope," she retorted, with a low laugh straight from her happy heart; "how can you tell me such a falsehood? Dany, sir, if you can, that you sent me a valentine this very day. Behold." And with a playful gesture she drew out Clayton's letter. "How

Clayton's door—"Have you not forgotten to say good-morning to me?" said a soft voice at his elbow; and he turned abruptly to meet Katherine's extended hand.

He was so surprised that he came very near committing the *bêtise* of not taking it. What had changed that cold face into the bright, glowing beauty that made his heart throb with the fever-beat of old? And the bronzed soldier colored to the temples as he bent over the snowy hand.

"You were invisible," he said, the momentary confusion passing away under the magnetism of her smile; "how did you enjoy the 'Duchesse' last evening?"

"Very much; and may I ask why you did not pay us a call in our box? Nora has a lecture for your want of gallantry," said she, lightly.

SCENE ON THE LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD, NEAR ALLENTOWN, PA., OCTOBER 4TH, 1869.—A TRAIN FORCING ITS WAY THROUGH THE WATER.



SCENE ON THE LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD, NEAR ALLENTOWN, PA., OCTOBER 4TH, 1869.—A TRAIN FORCING ITS WAY THROUGH THE WATER.



THE EQUINOCTIAL FLOOD—VIEW AT 23RD AND VINE STREETS, NEAR THE SCHUYLKILL RIVER, PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 4TH, 1869. FROM A SKETCH BY FRED. B. SCHILL.—SEE PAGE 95.

What a face to paint. Has her head a scornful toss, Or a friendly nod? Shall she be a little cross, Or a little odd? Valentine! valentine! Be a clever elf;

ing virtue of being able to laugh at her own expense, for her pout was good-natured. "What a shame! Who do you think could be such a sad slanderer, major?" "I really cannot tell," he replied, with a smile, though he mentally laid the epigram at

my part, I think I shall pick a quarrel with the old saint. Not a scrap of a valentine did he vouchsafe me." "Why did you not send me one?" she asked; "or do you never attempt to do anything so trifling, Major Cambrelling?"

The light words stung him like a barbed arrow.

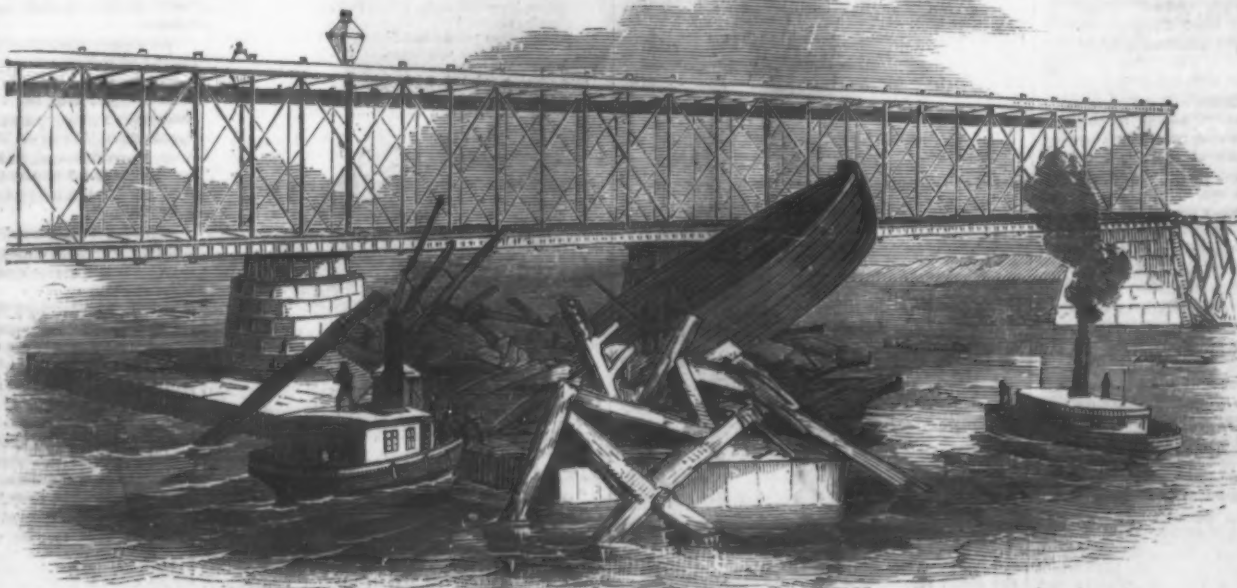
"I sent one once," he said, hoarsely. "Cruel! had she no more heart than that?"

"And got none in return? How very unkind. Are you quite sure you never sent but one?"

A light, blinding, dazzling, struck on the bewildered soldier's senses as he looked into the lovely, blushing face of her whom he loved.

"Katherine, dearest! best beloved, dare I hope—"

"I said nothing about hope," she retorted, with a low laugh straight from her happy heart; "how can you tell me such a falsehood? Dany, sir, if you can, that you sent me a valentine this very day. Behold." And with a playful gesture she drew out Clayton's letter. "How



THE EQUINOCTIAL FLOOD—VIEW ON THE SCHUYLKILL ABOVE MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA.—SEE PAGE 95.

was I ever to answer a letter of whose existence I was totally ignorant, and how could you— But the rest was smothered against his breast as he clasped the pretty tormentor passionately to the heart that had been hers so long.

Truly that was "a very successful party," and Major Cambrelling was heard to declare, next day, that valentines were a remarkable institution, for, of the only two he ever sent, one never reached its destination at all, while the other went to the right person by going wrong!

"For which Irishman you should be sent to Coventry," replied his friend Clayton.

And so the handsome major got a valentine after all—at least he expects to obtain possession of it next April, and to carry it with him when he crosses the Atlantic, as Mrs. Cambrelling!

WHAT EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE—Soyer was right when he declared that the excellence of half the dishes prepared for the modern table was in the sauces that disguised them. Indeed, in this respect, as a table sauce, we are acquainted with no preparation that in delicacy of flavor surpasses the widely-known, and now used in all the leading hotels of the continent, "Halford Leicestershire." It is recommended by physicians as a superlative tonic, and which, once used, will always be inquired for.

THE GREATEST OF LIVING ARTISTS—Hermann, the magician, or, as he advertises himself, the prestidigitateur, has returned from a short tour in the country, where he won not only golden opinions, but respectable piles of greenbacks. As everybody in New York has seen Hermann when performing some of his most wonderful feats, it is unnecessary to speak further of them than to say that he has determined to repeat them at the Academy of Music, giving two entertainments in each week until the close of the season.

M. JULES CLARETTE has exhumed a *mot* by Voltaire. Helvelius, a few days after he had published his book on Wit, received a note from Voltaire, which read as follows: "Your book bears the marks of a sound mind. You must leave France at once."

HOMER is the best policy in medicine as well as in other things. **AYER'S SARSAPARILLA** is a genuine preparation of that unequalled spring medicine and blood purifier, decidedly superior to the poor imitations heretofore in the market. Trial proves it.

THE BOY WHALER; Or, The Young Rovers!

A Boy's and Girl's Story.

By LEON LEWIS,

Author of the "Witch Finder," "Water Wolf," "Boy Magician," "Silver Ship," "Red Knife," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.—THE YOUNG LOVERS.

AMONG the many charming homes by which the eastern shores of Long Island had become adorned, a score of years ago, was one which prominently engaged our attention. It was situated upon the fairest of the broad inlets which characterize the southern side of Shelter Island, and was occupied by Mr. James Lawrence, a retired merchant-prince of New York.

There were but two persons visible about the grounds.

The one was a mere boy, a youth of sixteen or seventeen years, but one whose every look and action, young as he was, gave striking promise of no ordinary manhood.

The companion of our hero was, like himself, at the very threshold of actual existence, scarcely turned of fourteen, dished with the promise of a noble and glorious womanhood.

She was Lily Lawrence, the only child and heiress of the retired merchant. Behind the young couple were the grounds and mansion; before them two small sailboats, one of them bearing this name—The Water-Lily.

"I begin to be tired, Richard," at length murmured the young girl. "The boat is now in the shade, as pleasant as can be, rocking softly on the beach. Let us sit down in it."

"Agreed, Lily," responded the youth. "We'll have a good talk with each other."

"Well, what shall we talk about?" demanded the little maiden.

"Let's talk about our future, Lily—what we will do when we are grown up," suggested Richard.

"I can't look forward further than to-night," said Lily, smiling. "Papa and mamma will be home about ten from New York, with loads of presents for you and me, Richard. Let's guess what they will bring us, Dick."

"Well, I guess a new dress for you, Lily, some jewelry—and a lot of puzzles and games."

"I guess a lot of books for you, Dick, and a new set of chessmen, and a splendid gold watch."

The boy's eyes sparkled.

"How good father and mother are to me!" he said, with deep feeling. "They could not treat me better if I were their own son. Instead of a wail washed on their beach years ago, before you were born, Lily."

"They love us equally, Dick," said Lily, tenderly. "I hope they won't forget our presents," she added, "and I'm half afraid they will, because they went to New York on mysterious business."

"Mysterious business?" echoed the lad.

Lily nodded her head sagely.

"Yes," she said. "You know, Richard, I've got a dreadful uncle, an awful bad man, that used to make papa lots of trouble."

"Yes, Lily."

"Well, it's my opinion that my wicked uncle has turned up," said Lily, solemnly.

"Oh, I hope not, Lily!" Richard exclaimed. "He's a rough, bad man. He used to live with father, and do nothing, till you were born, expecting to inherit your father's wealth. But after your birth, he cursed you awfully, and father sent him off, and he went to sea, and father thinks he's now the mate or captain of a vessel."

"Would you like to be a sailor, Dick?"

"No, Lily; I don't love the sea. It cost me on this beach, a forlorn and helpless child, robbing me of all my friends—of even my name," and the lad's bright face clouded over. "I wish I knew my real name,

who I am, and if I have any relatives living. Mother says I was expensively dressed when they picked me up, half-drowned, and that I wore this chain and locket around my neck," and he drew from his bosom a slender Florentine cold chain, with an exquisite locket, delicately set with pearls in the form of a monogram. "I think my own mother put it on my neck, and I shall always wear it. See, Lily; there are two locks of hair within the locket—a yellow and a black one, with the names 'Richard' and 'Anna.' I suppose they were the names of my parents."

"Of course!" said Lily, as he restored the trinket to his bosom. "It's a pity they didn't put their full names; but if they had, I shouldn't have had my brother."

"I'm glad I'm not your brother, Lily," said Richard, gravely.

"Glad!" cried Lily, startled; "glad!"

"Yes, I am glad!" reiterated the lad, a soft glow of tenderness suffusing his noble features. "If you were my sister, you would leave me some time, and I would always wait for you."

"I'll live with you, Dick," assented Lily.

"But I should want you for my wife, Lily," urged the lad, with the ardor and tenderness of many an older lover. "Will you marry me, dear Lily?"

"Why, of course," said the little maiden, naively. "I expected to marry you, Richard, when I should be old enough."

The lad was enraptured.

He drew Lily to him, showering kisses upon her face and hair, calling her by a host of tender names that came rapidly to his tongue.

"Richard," said Lily, "engaged ladies always wear engagement-rings. I ought to have one."

"You shall have a diamond one when I go to New York," hastily promised the young lover. "If you wouldn't mind a plain gold one, Lily, I've got one that's too small for me among my things. Will you wear it till I can get a handsome one?"

Lily gracefully assented, and Richard hastened toward the mansion.

When he had gone, the little maiden looked out upon the pleasant bay.

"We ought to live here," she mused. "I am sure this is the prettiest spot in the whole world!"

She watched the ships idly.

One of the ships exhibited a bustle and confusion that showed it was on the point of departure. It was a whaling vessel, as its build and appearance plainly declared.

"She is going for whales," murmured Lily, half unconsciously; "she may be gone two or three years—most of the whale ships are."

She was still gazing at the outward-bound whaler, rapt in her musings, when a dark and sinister face was thrust out from the shelter of a dense clump of bushes, a score of rods east of her, near the water, in the shadow of some cliffs, and a pair of fierce and inflamed eyes regarded her a moment with an evil and scheming expression.

This wicked-looking face was withdrawn almost immediately into the depths of the bushes, as the sound of the lad's returning footsteps rang out on the gravelled path.

"Here it is, Lily," said Richard, bounding over the beach into the boat, and proudly exhibiting the little circlet that was to be the seal of the childish betrothal. "Let me put it on your finger."

"I shall show it to mamma when she comes home," said Lily, "and tell her that we are engaged. See that ship, Dick, starting out on a voyage," she added, pointing at the distant vessel she had been watching.

"I wish we had your pocket telescope here, Dick; I should so like to see the people on that whaler."

"I can get it in three minutes," said Richard. "It's on the library table."

He bounded away, and Lily sank down on the cushions, pillowing her head upon one of them.

CHAPTER II.—A DESPERATE RESOLUTION.

SHE was tired with her day's sports and wanderings.

It was little wonder, then, that her head had scarcely pressed the cushion when she fell asleep.

Richard was absent full twenty minutes, returning to his sleeping charge when the shadows of evening were settling permanently around her. His search for his portable telescope had for some time been unsuccessful.

"Here it is, Lily," he said, springing to the side of the boat. "I thought I never should find it, and now I've got it, it's too late to use it. Why, Lily darling, are you asleep?"

He looked down upon the unconscious little maiden, caressed her hair, and covered her tenderly.

"Poor little tired Lily," he whispered, softly. "It would be a pity to wake her up. How fast it has grown dark. I wonder if I couldn't carry her into the house without waking her."

He was about to carry the idea into execution when he suddenly remembered a softly-cushioned hand-wagon which had been purchased for Lily's use the previous year, after a long illness which had left her too weak to walk.

"I'll get the wagon," he thought, "and draw her to the house without a jolt. She'll awake on the parlor sofa after father and mother come home. What a surprise it will be for her!"

Eager to carry out his design, he hastened in search of the invalid wagon. He was not long absent, returning softly, fearful of disturbing his young charge.

The boat was gone!

Looking wildly around, he caught a glimpse of it, fifty yards away, with its sail flapping, and yet going rapidly seaward. Even while he gazed the gathering mist and gloom closed in upon the mere point the boat presented to his sight, and it abruptly vanished.

For a moment the lad was stunned with the dreadful truth.

"The boat has floated off the beach!" he exclaimed. "I might have foreseen it. The tide has risen, and the wind with it. The wind is driving her seaward, but I will soon overtake her. Lily, darling, I'm coming!"

He sprang into the remaining boat, pushed off, set the sail, and hurried off in pursuit of the girl, straining his eyes through the darkness to discover some sign of her.

But when he reached the spot where the boat had vanished, and, straining his eyes in every direction, saw no sign of the missing boat and girl, he was shaken by a sharp and dreadful apprehension.

"Oh, Lily! my poor little Lily!" he groaned, with an anguish too great for expression, but without pausing in the earnest pursuit. "What does this mean? Where can the boat be? Why does it drift so swiftly? Oh, Lily!"

Keeping his eye fixed in the supposed direction of the Water-Lily, he strained every nerve, spread every stitch of sail, in his wild frenzy, and yet he perceived no sign of her.

"Help! help!" he shouted, at last, in despair, as his course led him past a group of fishing-boats returning homeward from Sag Harbor. "Stop that boat! It got loose from Shelter Island. Help!"

His excited voice immediately commanded attention. Naturally enough, perhaps, the fishermen, instead of seeking the missing boat, drew near to question the pursuer.

In broken words, tremulous with excitement and reviving hope, Richard told his story as briefly as possible.

Before many minutes had passed the Water-Lily was overtaken and stopped.

Richard's boat fairly skimmed over the Sound, his veins throbbing with his exultant joy, his heart brimming over with a mighty thanksgiving.

"Is she asleep yet?" he asked. "She was very tired. I will not wake her up."

The fishermen looked at each other in silence. Then one of them silently took a lantern and flashed it over the Water-Lily.

The boat was empty.

There was a dent in the cushion where Lily's golden head had rested.

But Lily herself was gone!

"Where, where is Lily?" Dick gasped.

One of the fishermen answered:

"She must have wakened up dazed-like. Most likely she didn't know where she was. Fright she thought

she was getting out of bed. Poor little Lily Lawrence! We all know'd her pretty, sweet face, and we all loved her! I never passed her pa's place 'thout her wishin' me luck, and 'twas so with the rest. She was an angel, and she's gone home to live, Master Dick, with the rest of the angels!"

"Dead! drowned!" cried the boy, wildly. "Yes, she is dead!"

He stood there, white, tearless and despairing, like a statue of grief.

"Her folks ought to be told," said one of the fishermen, in a low tone.

Slowly and reluctantly he trimmed his sail, and set out upon his errand.

The remaining fishermen then strove, in their rude, kindly way, to comfort the stricken lad. But the sound of their voices jarred on his tortured spirit, and he cried:

"I want to be alone. Let me go off by myself."

Oh, Lily, Lily!

The fishermen drew off silently and sadly, deeming it best to leave the lad alone with his grief, and soon Richard was solitary amid the shadows upon the water.

"Perhaps I am over Lily's drowned body!" he said, aloud, peering over into the dark waters. Oh, if I might only join her! I cannot live without her!"

At length he sat up, and looked with haggard face toward his home.

Lights were gleaming from the windows of the dwelling, and lanterns were flashing along the beach, and over the lawn.

"They are looking for Lily and me," he murmured, faintly. "Father and mother have come home."

Oh, I can never, never face them again! They took care of me all my life; they have showered continual blessings upon me—and what a return I have made. They left Lily in my charge, and return to find her drowned! They will loathe the sight of me. It was through my carelessness Lily was drowned—Lily, for whom I would gladly have laid down my own life! I cannot go back—oh, never, never!"

With sudden eagerness for flight, he adjusted his sail, and directed his course toward Sag Harbor, his only idea being to hide himself somewhere where the reproachful glances of Lily's parents might never reach him.

The great lantern of the whaling vessel drew nearer and nearer, as did the lights of Sag Harbor.

As he approached the vessel in the darkness, and marked its signs of immediate departure, a desperate thought entered his mind.

"She is only waiting for some of the stragglers of her crew," he thought. "The wind is right. She'll soon be off. Where can I lose myself to father and mother so completely as on a whaler?"

He approached the vessel as quietly as possible. She was lying to just without Sag Harbor, heading toward Cedar Island. The night was dark, and only a few men were visible on her deck. The lurid light of the lantern enabled Richard to note all these circumstances sufficiently for his purpose.

He crept under the bow softly, seized the martingale by a desperate leap, and began to climb to the bowsprit, and thence, in the shadow of the jib, creeping down to the deck. He paused when he had gained a secure footing, and removed his shoes, looking around and seeing that his arrival was unnoticed. He then moved softly along the deck to the companionway, slipped down, and found himself in a dimly-lighted, disagreeably-smelling cabin.

The steward's pantry was off this, and Richard beheld a couple of individuals within it, engaged in imbibing beer. Their backs were toward him, and the boy crept along in the shadow, gained an empty stateroom, slipped in, and concealed himself beneath the bunk.

CHAPTER III.—LILY AND HER CAPTOR.

WHILE our young heroine lay asleep in her boat upon the beach in front of her father's dwelling, during the absence of her foster-brother, as recorded, the sinister face which had peered upon her from a neighboring clump of bushes was again thrust into prominence. Upon this repulsive visage had now appeared an expression akin to villainous contentment.

"It certainly looks so," muttered, in a hoarse voice, the individual to whom that evil-looking face belonged. "The girl's asleep!"

As already stated, the shadows of night had enveloped the scene. Favored by the darkness, the intruder gained the beach unseen, sprang beside the boat, and bent over the sleeping child.

There was light enough for him to mark her features, and an exultant glow lit up his own as he muttered:

"Asleep, sure enough!"

He chuckled coarsely, pushed off the boat, stepped lightly into it, set the sail, and seated himself in the stern. The wind immediately swelled the canvas, blowing from the west, and the little craft sped out into the gloom now hovering over the waters.

"The thing's done," breathed the villain, in a scarcely audible whisper, as he looked shoreward and saw no sign of life or motion. "I shall get off with my prize without trouble."

When he had placed what he deemed a safe distance between his unconscious pursuer and himself, he allowed his boat to fall off a little, and peered anxiously around him into the darkness.

"It was about here I ordered the boat to be in waiting," he muttered. "Ah, there it is, yonder! Boys!"

His cautious, hissing whisper was answered by a low, irregular whistle.

"This way, boys!" he said, making out the outline of an ordinary whale-boat near at hand, which had been waiting for him.

The two boats approached each other, and their sides soon touched.

The villain then lifted Lily very carefully in his arms, and stepped over into the whale-boat, treading upon Lily's hat as he went.

"Now for the ship, boys," he whispered. "Let the boat come in drift where she will. Away with us—quick!"

The whale-boat darted away in obedience to these orders, and the Water-Lily was left to be the sport of the winds and the waves, until found by the pursuer.

The little maiden stirred uneasily in the embrace of her enemy, and awakened with a sudden start.

"In it you, Dick?" she asked. "Where are you taking me? Why, it's dark, and we're on the water. Dear Dick, let's go right home! Papa and mamma will soon be here!"

"Shut up, you young one!" commanded her enemy, menacingly. "No word—not a cry—or I'll chuck you over into the water!"

Lily almost fainted with fright, her eyes looking wildly up at her captor, and her heart almost ceasing its pulsations. Such a shock she had never before experienced.

The whale-boat avoided the fishing-boats upon the sound, steering straight for the whaling vessel which the young couple had remarked, and about which Lily had indulged in so many speculations, and which had so mysteriously delayed its departure.

In a short time the boat was alongside, the captain climbed to the deck with his light burden, and hastily descended to the cabin.

What a place for the delicately-nurtured, daintily-bred Lily!

There was no one in the cabin, but a hideous black face looked out of the steward's pantry—the face of the cabin cook.

Captain Stocks set down his pale and trembling burden upon a wooden bench that served as a divan, and called loudly to the black cook, who immediately obeyed the summons.

"This is my daughter, Scipio," said the captain, keeping his eyes fixed menacingly upon the little captive. "I told you yesterday that my wife ran away from me years ago, and took the girl with her, robbing me of my rights as a parent. I have taken the law into my own hands, and brought my girl off to keep me company."

"It isn't so," interrupted Lily, desperately, struggling with her astonishment and grief. "I am not this man's daughter, and I wouldn't be for a million worlds. I am Lily Lawrence, and my father lives on Shelter Island, and I want to go home."

"You hush up!" cried the captain, with a look that made her shudder with fear. "You understand,

Scipio, that you are to keep your eye on this young lady. You are not to let her out of your sight."

"I'll remember, sir," said Scipio, with a grin that showed his double row of ivory.

"And, Scipio, you are not to listen to her prayers and beseechings."

"No, cap'n," said Scipio.

"And if I tell you to fling her overboard, you will do it?"

"Yes, cap'n," said the negro, who had evidently been previously instructed what to say on the present occasion. "If you say so," and he drew a huge clasp-knife from his pocket, and assumed a threatening appearance. "I take the young lady's head right off!"

He glared at Lily as he spoke, moving a step toward her, and the child fairly screamed with fright.

"That is right," said Captain Stocks, satisfied that the desired impression had been made upon his captive. "Go into the pantry, Scipio; I want to talk with the girl alone."

The cook obeyed, closing the door behind him.

The captain stood in front of Lily, looking exultantly upon her.

He was a great, powerful man, with sandy hair and beard, a pair of sinister eyes, and a face that showed a nature given up to evil and wickedness. His brawny hands were rough, the cords being heavily knotted; his neck was thick and short; and his entire appearance was at once formidable and unprepossessing.

No wonder that delicate little Lily shivered and trembled before him, vaguely wondering if it were not all a bad dream, and she would awaken from it by-and-by.

"Do you know who I am?" asked the captain, after surveying her a little while in silence.

"I know you are a dreadful man," said Lily, with a great sob, not daring to avoid answering.

"Well, who do you suppose I am?"

"I—I suppose you are the very worst man in the world," said poor, frightened little Lily, alarmed at her own temerity.

"You flatter me," replied the captain, with a sinister smile; "but you don't quite get my idea. Let me tell you a little story. Children are fond of stories, I believe."

"Once on a time—to begin in the good old way—there were two half-brothers. The younger was a wild, wicked boy," and he sneered. "He didn't like to go to school—that was what they say in the biographies of wicked boys, ain't it? He ran away to sea, and made his father trouble. The elder boy was a good lad, industrious and thoughtful, and studious, and all that"—and again he sneered. "The father of these boys died when the boys got to be young men, and it was found that he had left all his wealth to the good, elder boy, and left the bad, younger son dependent upon the bounty of his brother. Can you understand all that?"

Lily was looking up at him with wild and wondering eyes, her tangle of golden curls pulled back from her white brows, and her pale face all aglow with suppressed excitement. She nodded gravely, and he continued:

"The good brother built him a splendid home on Shelter Island, and married a rich girl, and was very happy"—and the captain's sneer was fearfully bitter.

"The wicked brother lived with this good and happy couple a while, thinking if they were to die how rich he would be. But a baby came at the end of a year, and he knew that all that property would go to her, so he ran off, and was never heard of by his brother again—never until the other day, when his bad brother happened to be in New York, and wrote a letter to his rich brother, pretending to be sorry, and desiring to be forgiven. The rich brother and his wife hurried off to bring the prodigal home, and their only child was left unguarded to fall into the wicked man's hands. In short, Miss Lily, your papa went to New York on a wild-goose chase, just to give me the opportunity to steal his dearest treasure."

"And you—and you—" gasped Lily, with dilating eyes.

"I am Captain Stocks, of the whaler Dolphin, otherwise Hadley Lawrence, the 'wicked brother,'" said the captain, with a mocking bow and a sneering smile.

"Then you must be my bad uncle!" ejaculated Lily, full of horror and surprise. "What do you mean by carrying me off in this manner?"

"I mean," he said, "to give you a voyage around the world."

"I—I don't understand you," said Lily, with a pitiful quiver of her lip.

"No? Then let me explain. My vessel is bound on a three years' voyage. Before my return home I shall put you in safe custody in some far-off quarter of the globe. I shall then come back, search out back files of papers, read the affecting account of the sad fate of Miss Lily Lawrence, only child of James Lawrence, and then open negotiations with my afflicted relatives. Should my brother and his wife both be dead of grief—and I believe and expect they will be—I shall enter into possession of the property, kick out that nameless, interloping boy—your 'dear Dick'—and settle down into a virtuous, happy existence, keeping you well guarded in your far-off prison. Can you understand my programme?"

"Yes, I understand you!" cried Lily, indignantly. "I should think you would choke with so many wicked words!"

He opened a door beside Lily, and exhibited the small stateroom. A large new trunk stood against the wall, the key in the lock. The captain lifted the lid, displaying its contents.

"Why, those are my own things!" cried Lily, in astonishment, recognizing in the miscellaneous heap, dresses, underclothing, shoes and hats she had worn.

"How did they come here?"

are manufactured on strictly scientific principles, having all the brilliancy, durability, and exact appearance of virgin gold. They are fac-similes of the most rare and costly description of Genuine Gold Watches. Scientific and expert men have been engaged in vain attempts to analyze this wonderful substance, and pronounce it a remarkable freak of nature, and believe it to be the normal condition of gold, which probably takes thousands of years to become the precious metal. Railroad Conductors, Engineers, and Expressmen, the most exacting of our customers, have thoroughly demonstrated the strength, durability, accuracy, and utility of the Fac-simile as reliable timekeepers. Ladies and Gentlemen at Full-Jeweled Patent Levers, *Fac-simile* *Waltham's* \$20, extra finished Chronometers, \$20 and \$25. Each watch retains the color of 18 carat gold. Latest styles of Chains, must pay all charges. Express Co's will allow customers of charges. Clubs ordering Six Watches will receive an extra. and President of the Genuine Oroide Gold Watch

Mr. Foggan has shown us a specimen watch of one close as I tell the difference. The movement is the same as that of genuine Oroide Gold Metal wears well and does not irritate. It

BISHOP & REIN,
Jewelers.
Under the Fifth Avenue Hotel,
NEW YORK.

THE SECRET OF BEAUTY

Lies in the use of Hagan's Magnolia Balm for the Complexion.

Roughness, Redness, Blisters, Sunburn, Freckles and Tan disappear where it is applied, and a beautiful Complexion of pure, satin-like texture is obtained. The plainest features are made to glow with Healthful Bloom and Youthful Beauty.

Remember Hagan's Magnolia Balm is the thing that produces these effects, and any Lady can secure it for 75 cents at any of our stores.

To preserve and dress the Hair use Lyon's Kathairon. 734-37.

HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINE
For Families—simple, cheap, reliable. Knits everything. PATENTS WANTED. Circular and sample stocking FREE. Address HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINE CO., Bath, Me. 725-38

Novelty Pen-Holder avoids losing pencils. 730-270.

If you wish to obtain a Genuine Waltham Watch, at the lowest possible price and without any risk whatever, send for our descriptive Price List, which explains the different kinds, gives weight and quality of the Cases, with prices of each.

Silver Hunting Watches, \$15.

Gold Hunting Watches, \$70.

Every Watch warranted by special certificate. Single Watches sent by Express to any part of the country with the privilege to open the package and examine the Watch before paying. Send for a Price List, and please state in what Paper you saw this notice. Address, in full, HOWARD & CO., Jewelers and Silversmiths, No. 619 Broadway, N. Y.

NOW READY.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED COMIC ALMANAC.

Containing 74 Laughable Illustrations, by Newman, Bellows, Fiske, Stephens, Davenport, Biscoe, and the most eminent artists of the day, besides 23 Pages of Astronomical, Chronological, and other interesting literary matter, both useful and humorous. For sale by all Newsmen.

Price 15 Cents.

This is the only Comic Almanac published in America.

GAS AND KEROSENE FIXTURES

Comprising in both classes the largest variety of new and handsome patterns for

Dwellings, Stores, Churches, Halls and Public Institutions,

to be found in any Establishment in the country. Manufactured and for sale to the Trade by the

TUCKER MANUFACTURING CO.,
Warehouses, 39 & 41 Park Place, New York, and 117 & 119 Court Street, Boston. 723-340



THE GREAT FLOOD.—SCENE ON THE SCHUYLKILL RIVER, NEAR PHILADELPHIA, PA.—A BRIDGE BROKEN AWAY BY A CANAL BOAT.—FROM A SKETCH BY FRED. D. SCHILL.—SEE PAGE 95.

The American Institute.

GRAND NATIONAL EXHIBITION

OPEN DAILY FROM 9 A.M. TO 10 P.M.

ON

3d Ave., Between 53d and 64th Sts.

This is the most complete Exhibition ever made by the Institute.

The Machinery Department,

NOW IN FULL MOTION, is a Wonderful Display, with Hundreds of Machines Driven by Steam and Electricity. The Exhibition is Enlivened WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS, and EVERY EVENING, by a FINE ORCHESTRA. REFRESHMENTS of the best kind in the building.

Season tickets for gentlemen, \$3; for ladies, \$2; single admission, 50 cents; children under 12 years, 25 cents. Packages of 25 Tickets for Shops at 20 cents each. Entrances on Second and Third avenues.

HOW TO GET TO THE FAIR.—The Second and Third Avenue and Belt-Line Railroads, with Extra Cars Running, intersecting all the other Avenue Railroads and Ferries, afford ample, cheap, and direct means of access.

FISHERMEN!
TWINES AND NETTING
MANUFACTURED BY

WM. E. HOOPER & SONS,

Baltimore, Md.

Send for Price List.

724-490

TROY FEMALE SEMINARY.

This Institution offers the accumulated advantages of over 60 years' successful operation. For circulars, apply to JOHN H. WILLARD, Troy, N. Y. 727-34

WANTED—AGENTS—\$75 to \$300 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COLUMBIAN SEWING MACHINE. This Machine will stitch, hem, fell, tack, quilt, cord, blind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only \$18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay \$1,000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be out, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay Agents from \$15 to \$200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address SEWOME & CO., PITTSBURG, PA., BOSTON, MASS., OR ST. LOUIS, MO.

CAUTION.—Do not be imposed upon by other parties peddling off worthless cast-iron machines, under the same name or otherwise. Ours is the only genuine and practical cheap machine manufactured. 728-390

RIMMEL'S 52 EXTRACTS.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Trade Mark.



IRLANG-IRLANG,
ESS. BOUQUET,
WHITE ROSE,
RIMMEL'S BOUQUET,
JOCKEY CLUB,
WOOD VIOLET,
CHINESE BOUQUET.

Important Caution.

The immense success of RIMMEL'S LIME JUICE AND GLYCERINE having induced some unprincipled individuals to palm off, under the lure of cheapness, worthless trash, bearing the same name, E. R. thinks it his duty to caution the public against these spurious imitations, which are very injurious to the hair. Ask for RIMMEL'S LIME JUICE AND GLYCERINE, and accept no other.

RIMMEL, Perfumer, Paris and London.

SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVES,

EDWARD GREY & CO., 35 Vesey St., N. Y.

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS'



SAPOLIO,

FOR CLEANING AND POLISHING.

SAPOLIO will make Tin resemble Silver. Use only SAPOLIO to clean White Paint. From Marble SAPOLIO removes all stains. For polishing Knives SAPOLIO is unsurpassed. For cleaning Brass Stair Rods SAPOLIO has no equal. If you would have clean windows, use SAPOLIO. Sample cake sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents.

Depot, 211 Washington St., New York.

ESTABLISHED 1866.

Particular attention is called to our SOAPS for family use.

This is no Humbug!

BY SENDING 30 CENTS AND STAMP.

With age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O. Drawer No. 23, Falmouth, N. Y. 720-7420

BALL, BLACK & CO.,

Nos. 565 & 567 Broadway,
MANUFACTURERS OF

ENGLISH STERLING

SILVERWARE.

THE FACILITIES OF BALL, BLACK & CO. FOR MANUFACTURING, ENABLE THEM TO OFFER A LARGER VARIETY OF PATTERNS, AND AT LOWER PRICES THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THE TRADE.



ELEGANT BRONZED

Iron Bedsteads, Cribs & Cradles,

IN GREAT VARIETY, AND OF

Superior Style and Finish.

TUCKER'S PATENT SPRING BED.

Combining the essentials of Comfort, Durability, Cleanliness and Cheapness, it is deservedly the most popular Spring Bed known. Manufactured and for sale to the Trade, by the

TUCKER MANUFACTURING CO.,

Warehouses, 39 & 41 Park Place, New York, and 117 & 119 Court Street, Boston. 723-340

230.650

DOLLARS, distributed monthly by Sworn Commissioners in the Legal Kentucky State Lottery. Send for circular at once and try your luck. Address O. H. MURRAY & CO., Covington, Ky. 720-30000

MAPLE LEAVES.

The Best, the most Popular, and the Cheapest Magazine published. It will be sent from now to the end of 1870 for 50 cents. Send in your subscriptions without delay. Address O. A. ROORBACK, 163 Nassau Street, New York.

GREAT ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC TEA COMPANY,

No. 5 CHURCH STREET,

P. O. Box 5,608. NEW YORK CITY.

An organization of capitalists for the purpose of importing Tea and distributing them to merchants throughout the country at Importer's prices. Established 1866. Send for Price List. 720-35

\$20 A DAY TO MALE AND FEMALE

Agents to introduce the BUCKEYE 330 SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINES. Stitch alike on both sides, and is the only LICENSED SHUTTLE MACHINE sold in United States for less than \$40. All others are infringements, and the seller and user are liable to prosecution and imprisonment. OFFERT FREE. Address W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, O. 720-37

NEARLY READY.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Family Almanac for 1870,

Containing eighty beautiful illustrations by the first artists, engraved in the highest style of art, and four splendid chromo-lithographs, prepared in Paris, colored in the most exquisite manner, and quite equal to oil-paintings. It also contains sixty-four full pages of the most valuable and interesting reading-matter, consisting of all the astronomical, chronological and mineralogical information necessary to the family circle, besides an agreeable miscellany of literary intelligence.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY ALMANAC is in its eleventh year, and is the most superior work of the kind ever published.



THE PENNSYLVANIA FLOOD.—VIEW AT THE PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD BRIDGE, PHILADELPHIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY FRANK H. TAYLOR. SEE PAGE 95.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1869, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 735—Vol. XXIX.]

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 30, 1869.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. 13 WEEKS, \$1 00.
\$4 00 YEARLY.]

Cuba: The Question of the Day.

ALL men and all nations possess the right of self-government, in proportion to their amount of self-knowledge.

When the man or the nation first feels that he or it is oppressed, this self-knowledge becomes conscious.

When either of them first initiates an unsuc-

cessful struggle for freedom—which is self-government—the question is solved.

They demonstrate their right.

Whatever our reckonings in the past may have been, it appears to us that in the present stage of the world these three problems have been settled, at any rate in America. Here, where, to a certain extent, freedom is better appreciated, because it is better understood,

no doubt can exist that the conscious want of it implies the right to possess it.

The armed heel may for the moment crush it out, but it will certainly in the long run conquer.

What is the imperative duty of a really great people, possessed of the full right of self-government, when it finds its weaker neighbor first awaking to this degree of self-knowledge?

If it would justify its own freedom, it is bound to help the struggling nationality, province, tribe, or even family.

We are speaking plainly and simply with reference to Cuba.

In our own early struggles for independence with one of the greatest powers in the world—a power from which we sprung, and from which even now we confess ourselves proud to



THE BABY OF THE PERIOD.—DRAWN BY J. N. KEDD.—SEE PAGE 107.